THE BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

ESTABLISHED IN 1869. "Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not Perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. TERMS: $2.00 PER ANNUM.

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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Terms, $2.00 per annum in Advance

REPUBLICAN STATE NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,

JOHN F. HARTRANFT.

FOR STATE TREASURER,

HENRY RAWLE.

POLITICAL NOTES.

—"Hendricks and Curtin" is the legend that adorns the mast-heads of many Western papers that have expressed a choice of Presidential candidates.

—The lower end of Luzerne county has been completely ignored in the distribution of offices by the Democratic Convention, whereat there is great dissatisfaction. It will require hard work to keep the boys in the traces this fall.

—Frank Bird, of Massachusetts, an old-time abolitionist, has winged his way into the Bourbon nest. He has written a letter in which he expresses a desire that the Democrats should carry Ohio in October. Gone to meet Cassius M. Clay.

—If it were not for the police the criminals of New York would be absolutely without protection. At least this is what the "World" says; and it is as reliable a Democratic organ, as New York is a reliable Democratic city.

—General Basil Duke was elected Prosecuting Attorney in the Ninth Kentucky Judicial district at the recent election. The *Courier-Journal* attributes his success to the fact that his claims on the electors were superior to those of his competitor. He was a rebel leader.

—The repeatedly deferred examinations of the sworn charges against Governor Taylor, of Wisconsin, of stealing from the State Agricultural Society, when acting as State Fair Marshal, has again been postponed till December, the investigation being thus staved off till after the election. There is a strong probability of his renomination by the "reform" Democracy.

—Mr. S. Gross Fry, President of one of the Philadelphia Democratic Ward Associations, stands charged, not only with issuing bogus stock in city passenger railroad companies, but has been arrested and held to bail upon a charge of larceny, for forcibly taking away furniture from the office of the Emaus Iron Company. He still, however, remains a shining light in the Democratic ranks.

—The Democrats of Limestone county, Texas, lately organized a raid against the negroes, which resulted in the murder of quite a number. One Democratic paper admitted that seven were killed, and another placed the probable estimate at sixteen. Yet "the outrage mill has ceased grinding!"

—Colonel Mosby, the ex-Confederate, has expressed his views on the political situation to a reporter. He believes that the Southern people make a serious mistake in not giving more active support to President Grant, but, for himself, denies that he has permanently transferred his allegiance to the Republican party.

—Henry county, O., is a Democratic strong-hold, where official thieves have been going down into the public treasury and taxes have been coming up on the people for some years. This will explain the following paragraph from the Toledo *Blade*: "Tressler is under indictment in Henry county for embezzling county funds while Treasurer of the county, and yet the Democrats of that county declared, before the Senatorial Convention, that they could give him seven hundred of a majority for Senator in "Little Henry."

—The Presidency is a great office, but for that very reason it exposes little men. Success in reaching it by whatever means must not be regarded as a condonation of offenses or a purification of character. Indeed, it is becoming the reproach of our political system that it is sure to elevate men of the highest character and ability and reputation to the highest office; and there is all the more reason, therefore, for pointing out so flagrant a discrepancy between the man and the place as appeared when Andrew Johnson was President.

——Go to Green's for a good cigar.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican voters of Centre County will meet at the regular places of holding their Delegate Elections, on Saturday, the 21st day of August, at the usual hour, to elect delegates to represent them in the County Convention.

The REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION will meet in Bellefonte on

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25,

at 1:30 o'clock p. m., to nominate candidates for the offices to be filled at the next election.

S. D. GRAY,
Chair'n Republican Co. Con.

TO-DAY.

The Republican Convention of Centre county will assemble to-day, and if there has been as much interest manifested by the people throughout the county in the election of delegates as there was in Bellefonte on Saturday, there will be no reason to doubt that the gentlemen who have been chosen to nominate a ticket, will be better prepared to express the will of their constituents than on any former occasion. The general interest manifested would indicate that the true principles are, that the office should seek the man, not the man the office. This being the key note, we hope the Convention will sound it. For a great many years, offices have been held to be the proper reward of purely partisan activity. This has been the practice and avowed doctrine of the Meek Democracy of Centre county, especially so far as Meek is concerned. The consequence is, that there has grown up in the county a class of politicians by trade, who represent the rabble of the party, because it is profitable to the successful candidates (at the expense of the tax-payers), and for no other reason. This class, as was indicated in the late Democratic delegate elections, was more active and powerful than the more respectable portion of the party, who looked upon the result with contempt and derision. It is made up of office-holders and office-seekers, whose only object is pay and plunder. The men who belong to this class can afford to give as much time to the accomplishment of their purpose, thought and energy, as other men usually give to their regular business. They are not only more active, but they are less scrupulous than business men. A merchant who is willing to cheat is brought face to face with the man whom he tries to cheat, and who has the same motive to prevent that he has to perpetrate the fraud. But the professional politician who desires to "fix" a primary, or a convention, as Mr. Meek does, in order to secure the nomination of himself, or some other equally bad man, usually encounters either a languid sort of opposition, which he makes light of, or else the opposition of his own kidney, whom he can manage by bullying, bribing, or deceiving them by means of forged anonymous letters of his own manufacture, as illustrated by Mr. Meek, in at least two campaigns, against competitors of his own party. The fact that the nominees of our opponents are made up of professionals, is patent to every unbiased mind. To defeat them is the bounden duty of every respectable citizen in Centre County.

This being the condition of our opponents, it is quite idle for us to preach the duty of our Convention to-day. Gentlemen, you have a responsible duty to perform. The success of Republican men and measures in Centre county depends upon your actions and deliberations. There are many good men in the Democratic party who are tired of being compelled to support professionals in their party; who are tired of ring rule; who are growing weary of Meekism; and who are now knocking at the Republican door and asking that our latch string shall be hung out. This is the golden opportunity and we await the result of your conclusions to-day with unbounded confidence.

——The patriotic order, Junior Sons of 1876, held a secret session in this place on Thursday last. Representatives of all the lodges in the county were present, but we don't know what they did.

THE COUNTY PRINTING.

The *Watchman* of last week, after three weeks of agonizing effort, succeeded in bringing forth a sort of half apology, because it has been lavishly supplied from the public crib, and has been a very expensive printing machine to the tax-payers of Centre County. First the *Watchman* flips off our showing of the amounts received from the Treasurer's office, Trothonotary's office, Register's office, and Sheriff's office, by saying it is nobody's business what he receives from these sources. Let us see if it is nobody's business. First, a large portion of the *$286.10* paid him last year by the County Treasurer was for advertising unseated lands, the price of advertising which was in 1866 50 cents a tract, but by the political potency of the *Watchman* editor, has been increased to *One Dollar* per tract. Out of that dollar Mr. Meek gets 40 cents per line for advertising, while the *Centre Reporter* and the *Berichter* get 30 cents a line each. The *Watchman* claims its right to the lion's share because it got the price raised. Who pays this charge, the Treasurer? Not so. But it comes off of the owners of unseated lands in Centre county. Is it, then, nobody's business how much the Treasurer pays the "Watchman" for printing? Is it nobody's business that the "Watchman" should get 10 cents a line more for advertising than any other paper in the county that would and does do it equally as well? If the "Watchman" gets 10 *cents* a line, think of the TEN CENTS a line more for advertising unseated lands, which owners of the lands have to pay. Is it very likely the "Watchman" gets less than the other papers for the same kind of printing, as it would have the tax-payers believe? Is it not more consistent with the truth, that if he is able to get *one-third* more for a job that he can command ONE-THIRD more for every job he does?

So the printing done for the Sheriff, advertising Sheriff's sales, &c., and the printing done for the Prothonotary's and Register's offices is a tax upon all citizens who are unfortunate enough to be compelled to go to law with their neighbors.

And if a Sheriff's sale could be advertised for two or three dollars, instead of its costing from nine to eighteen dollars, as it now does advertised in the "Watchman," there would be a great deal more fruit come out of the debtor's property for the benefit of his creditors than there is. Will the "Watchman" explain to the tax-payers why it charged the County Treasurer FORTY-SIX dollars for advertising the Mercantile appraisers list, which was just TWENTY-FIVE dollars more than the legitimate fees being more than twice the fees allowed by law, the legal fees amounting to just $21? Will the "Watchman" editor advise whether the excess has been refunded?

The "Watchman" does not deny its receipts from the foregoing offices, hence our statement of the amounts in our issue of July 28th last, must be taken as about correct. The "Watchman" does not vary our figures very much as to the amount received for county printing proper. In our statement we took the amounts from the Commissioners' books, and we appeal to them for their verification. They show the amount of orders drawn to P. G. Meek—and they foot up just the amounts we gave in our July issue. The "Watchman" states in last week's issue, in 1868, it "drew nothing." The Commissioners' books show that the editor of the "Watchman" in the year 1868 received orders amounting to $300. Now one of two things is apparent, either the "Watchman" received the orders, or the Commissioners' books are false for the year 1868. And in 1869 the "Watchman" gives the amount received as $650, while the Commissioners' books show orders drawn in favor of the editor of the "Watchman" amounting to $950—a difference of $300. Did the Commissioners in preparing their accounts for those years give P. G. Meek a bonus of $300 for each year, and garble their accounts so the Auditor would not notice it? We tell you, tax-payers of Centre county, there is something rotten in Denmark!

If the statement given in the "Watchman" last week be true, then the Commissioners' books for the years 1867, 1868, 1869, 1873 and 1874 are false, and P. G. Meek has either received the whole amount for county printing, as given in our statement, to wit:

In 1865	$ 729 00
In 1866	354 02
In 1867	609 50
In 1868	300 00
In 1869	950 00
In 1870	590 00
In 1871	857 40
In 1872	1050 00
In 1873	850 00
In 1874	1462 85
Order drawn in Jan. 1875, for balance acct. for year 1874	124 25
Making a total of	7768 52

or the County Commissioners have been giving him a series of bonuses, almost annually, and in order to cover it up have been garbling their accounts.

Then we again assert that the "Watchman" has been well paid for its services as an organ, and has steadily increased the expenses of the county printing ever since it has swayed the sceptre of Meekism in the Democratic party of Centre county. And we figure the regular receipts of its editor up to the grand sum of 23,500.52, and have not time to array the amount of his irregular receipts. As to the receipts of the REPUBLICAN from the county before we took charge of it, we know nothing, but as its editor was largely under the control of the "Watchman" editor, and he virtually used the organ in his own interest, we have no doubt it received a more liberal patronage than it has since. Meek being benefitted by it, of course he had to help sustain it, and hence had to draw upon the county for that sustenance, and the REPUBLICAN under W. W. Brown, no doubt got the benefit of contracts that would pay ten cents a line extra, for printing or jobs that would be charged more than double for, as in case of unseated lands, or the advertisement of mercantile appraisers list. Since we have been publishing the REPUBLICAN we have received from the county as follows:

For the year 1873 we received $98.20, the most of the printing that year having been given to Meek's other paper Brown's "Republican" to pay for material which Meek ordered, and which he finally took into the "Watchman" office. The amount received from the county by Meek through Brown, was $718,65; the amount paid to Meek for work done through the "Watchman" in 1873 was $1712.35; eight hundred of this amount was paid in 1873 when the work was done, and the balance in 1874. This was done as a blind. See auditors report published in February 1874 and 1875, making the whole amount received by Meek, through his pseudo Republican sheet, Brown's "Republican," and the "Watchman" $2,431.00, besides all he received from the other offices, which he says is nobody's business. We received from the year 1874 $213.95 making the total amount received by us for the years 1873 and 1874 $312,15.

We think it would be a very good thing, and satisfactory to the people of Centre county, to have the accounts of the Commissioner's office for the past ten or twelve years thoroughly investigated and some of the public jobs unearthed.

COL. ED. A. IRVIN, of Curwensville, Clearfield county, is spoken of as a candidate for State Senator. Col. Irvin is a lumberman, a very estimable citizen and Christian gentleman, who served his country during the war with the noted Buck-Tail regiment. As a reward of his labors he carries a rebel bullet, which was lodged in his person while defending our flag.

—The Democratic papers are great friends' (?) of the temperance cause and warm supporters of the prohibition ticket. At least such are their pretensions and professions, but of course they don't mean what they say. By the way, we beg to submit a few questions to our Democratic editors

Do you think the majority party did right in repealing the Local Option bill?

Do you think Local Option right?

Will you support the Temperance candidates?

Would you sustain the temperance cause in the columns of your paper?
—*Reading Times and Dispatch.*

—Daniel Odenweller, of Bath, got in the way of a falling tree on the 15th inst., and was crushed to death.

KILLED BY THE CARS.

Hon. Samuel Henry, of Cambria County, falls from a Train near Johnstown and is Instantly Killed.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., August 19, 1875.

A gloom has been cast over the inhabitants of this county to day by an accident to Hon. Samuel Henry, ex-member of the Legislature, which resulted in his immediate death. Mr. Henry had been in Philadelphia for several days past and was returning this morning. He intended to stop here a few hours, after which he meant to go to his home at Ebensburg, several miles distant. He was in conversation with Conductor Hare, of the Pittsburgh express, which arrives in this city at 4:12 A. M., and hearing Johnstown announced as the next station, opened the door of the car and stepped out, intending to get his baggage in readiness, which was in the rear sleeping car. But just as he reached the platform, a jolt of the train threw him suddenly from it to the ground with great force, literally splitting his head in two and causing the brains to ooze out. His body was discovered on the track about two miles east of here this morning.

Mr. Henry was elected to the Legislature from Cambria county on the Republican ticket in 1871, and took his seat in 1872, serving three years. He was a young and promising politician, and unlike a majority of politicians was thoroughly honest. He was a man of ability, of high character and commanding reputation, and was deservedly the most popular gentleman in the county. Previous to the accident he was in high spirits. His life was insured in two companies for $10,000, and on his person were found two traveling insurance tickets for $3,000 each.

THE LOST BALLOONISTS.

Body of Grimwood found on the Beach of Lake Michigan.

CHICAGO, August 17.—A special to the Chicago *Evening Journal* from White Hall, Michigan, says. "The body of N. S. Grimwood was found yesterday on the beach of Lake Michigan, near Stony creek, by A. Beckwith. It has all the clothes except the boots or shoes, and had letters and notes of his trip, which proved beyond a doubt his identity."

CRUSHED TO DEATH.—On Friday afternoon about three o'clock, Henry Brewer, an employee of the Moshannon coal company, was engaged at their new works, in superintending the loading of dump cars. He was standing at the end of a car just loaded, and started it on a down grade with the intention of moving, by its impetus, other loaded cars in point. When the cars came together with considerable force, Brewer was thrown by the rebound between the car he had been loading and the others. As they came together again, his body was caught between the "bumpers" of the two cars, and terribly crushed. He had hold of the brake, but the jar of the rebound caused him to quit his hold, and he fell as stated, the two bumpers striking him, one in the stomach and the other on the small of the back. It was a terrible accident. Brown appreciated the fact that his injuries were fatal, as soon as he recovered consciousness. He was removed to his boarding house, where he died the next day—Saturday last—about two o'clock in the afternoon. The deceased was about twenty-five or thirty years of age, and came to the Moshannon from Jefferson county. His body will probably be taken there for final interment.—*Reveille.*

——The Rev. Mr. Wylie, of the Presbyterian church, preached a searching temperance sermon last Sunday morning, in which he stated facts in such a bold and naked way that the roseate hue of many facial olfactory ornaments departed, leaving the organ pale and innocent looking, as though it had never smelled spirits. Such sermons are bound to do good in the community, and help the appearance of the male portion of the congregation. But setting all joking aside we believe the position assumed by the reverend gentleman was the true one for the church. The time has most certainly come when we must decide whom we will serve, and as intimated above there are many in this large congregation who know how it is themselves. It is high time the church took a very decided stand on this all absorbing question. If the church is not radically right, how can we expect the world's people to follow its teachings.

STATE ITEMS.

—Several attempts at incendiarism have been made in Reading lately.

—A farmer near Lewisburg, recenty found a nest of seventy-six copperhead snakes, and killed all of them.

—The Ninety-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, will hold their reunion in Reading on the 28th of October.

—A Johnstown saloon keeper has a dog which will drink nothing but ale, and gets drunk as a lord whenever he gets a chance

—The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, A. M., held a meeting in the hall of York Lodge, No. 266, at York, on Tuesday evening.

—Frank Althouse, an engineer on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad for fifteen years, has lost but seven days during that time.

—Henry Kaler, aged fifteen, of Union township, Union county, was found dead in his bed on the 16th inst. He died from cholera morbus.

—The Sharon "Herald" says: "The potato crop will be immense. The price went down to twenty-five cents per bushel one day last week."

—The State militia of Washington, Fayette, Greene, Somerset and Westmoreland counties will encamp at Latrobe, on the 11th of September.

—A little son of Mr. Lewis H. Ingram, residing at Collegeville, Montgomery county, was drowned in the canal at Unionville, Berks county, on Tuesday.

—The Tyrone *Democrat* says, a new town, called Whiteside, has just been laid out on the Moshannon Branch Railroad, near McCauley & Locther's mills, Clearfield county.

—Mr. J. W. Kingsley, of the Continental, Philadelphia, has determined to build a new hotel of six hundred rooms, to be called the Transcontinental, for the Centennial.

—B. T. Bound, of Kingston, suspected of having poisoned his wife a few weeks ago has been displaced from the Superintendency of the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad.

—William Evans, son of W. M. Evans, of Williamstown township, Chester county, who mysteriously disappeared on the 19th of July last, is yet missing, and no tidings of his whereabouts have been obtained.

—On Sunday evening last, the dwelling house of Mr. Robert McGill, on the Salem road, in Westmoreland county, was entirely consumed by fire. Nearly all the household goods were saved. No insurance.

—I. Fields, a resident of Berkley, Berks county, has a hen of the bantam species which is eighteen years old. During her lifetime she has hatched and raised over three hundred young chickens, including fifteen this season.

——A public meeting of the colored people of Bellefonte was held in the A. M. E. church last Monday eve. to hear the report of the delegate sent to the State Convention of the the equal rights league, held at Carlisle, Pa. Mr. George Sims was called to the chair, Rev. John Coleman was elected Secretary. The meeting then heard the report of the delegate, Mr. John Welch, who stated that the object of the convention was to take measures to secure the sacred rights of the colored people, and that they had resolved to support no man for office who would oppose them in their rights; that where there was clear case of deprivation of the right to serve on the jury or depriving the colored children of the common blessings of an education, the party upholding such action should not receive their support. The convention also indorsed the Republican party and urged that the temperance candidates should withdraw. The convention also recommended that the colored people should form clubs throughout the State in support of the Republican party. The Rev. John Coleman then offered the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

[redacted]

——When the "Watchman" endeavors to show the inferiority of the REPUBLICAN by stooping to hunt out its trifling typographical errors, as it did last week, it gives us a fair specimen of Democratic bull-dog argument. The errors in the "Watchman" are so glaring and frequent that we have come to regard them as matters of no surprise, in fact we expect them as much as we expect the paper. If that sheet had any legitimate grounds for assault it would not resort to such petty unjournalistic trickery.

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

Poetry.

Good Farmer James.

If you had known good farmer James,
Whose life in ways of labor ran,
You would have known of sterling worth
The virtues of an honest man.

He never traveled far away;
A foreign shore he ne'er had seen,
And all his life was humbly passed
Where his forefathers' lives had been.

His fields were ample for his wish,
And yielded crops, with some to spare
For those whose lives were sorrowful
With sickness, poverty, and care;

For 'twas his pleasure to assist
In every way the worthy poor;
And when the suffering came his way,
No bolt was found upon the door.

Yet idleness ne'er found a friend
In farmer James. Sloth was a vice,
And carelessness and levity
Were wrong and sinful in his eyes.

His was the ever-constant aim
To help his fellows all he could,
And ne'er was he so happy as
When to his neighbors doing good.

His life was simple from the first,
And when it ripened to its close,
And he was laid away, for him
No word but that of praise arose.

For he had left a legacy
Richer than gold and jewels prove—
A legacy of honest worth,
Of noble actions, and of love.

In Remembrance.

"This do in remembrance of Me."

"But how could we e'er forget Him?" we said in the long ago,
But we knew not ourselves and others, as since we have learned to know;
We never could be like Peter, we never could faithless prove,
So we thought in the joy and freshness that came with the dawn of love;
But now we must hide our faces and sorrow for very shame
Of the change that has made us colder since the day when we knew His name.

Oh, green were the pleasant pastures, and rapid the light young feet,
And the songs of the happy pilgrims were tender, and glad, and sweet,
And we clung to the mighty Master, and never would let Him go,
And we feel that he stayeth with us in the seasons of pain and woe.
But how can we still the longing for the days that we knew of old?
And what can we do who are feeling that the love of our hearts grow cold.

But a message is coming to us, like the words of a long-loved psalm,
And over our restless spirits there stealeth a heavenly calm;
For the Master invites us nearer, and asks if we love Him still,
And you know how the Saviour's whisper the hearts of His friends can thrill;
And we find we have not forgotten the Lord who never will forget,
So we blend our joy before Him, and feel that we love Him yet.

We gather about His table—will He look as in days of yore?
Oh, nothing has ever changed Him, the Lord who our sorrows bore.
And if only we have the courage to gaze in His shining face,
We shall read for ourselves this message of pardon, and love, and grace;
And He says, as He comes to meet us, with the tender, familiar smile,
"Come nearer to Me, remember My love for a little while."

Oh, Master, Thy love is mighty, and how can we keep away?
We need thee as much as ever in the dark or sunny day,
We have listened to many voices, but none are so dear as Thine;
We have looked in the face of others, and longed for our friend Divine;
Now keep us forever with Thee, until, in Thy home above,
We drink the new wine of the kingdom, and render Thee love for love.

Our Story Teelle.

My Lily-of-the-Valley.

"Peep!" It was a cheery, almost childish voice, well known and loved by me; and yet I started in half affright, so deep was my reverie. Reveries, in the majority of cases probably, have love for their inspiring god; but this was an exceptional one, else I had surely been prepared for any such surprise as this, from the very priestess herself of love.

Not that she acknowledge it, or I either, for that matter. But we were both finite, and love is infinite.

"You little puss!" I exclaimed, "how you frightened me!"

"Do I look so like a fright then, in my masquerading?"

"Of course not. You are always charming. But your voice—"

"Was harsh and—"

"How dexterously you do fish for complements this afternoon! You know your voice is soft and musical, for I have told you so several times; and—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Go on."

"It was that very sweetness and softness that startled me, being so antipodal to my thoughts just then."

"There!" a sudden seriousness settling over her manner. "That convinces me that you are not obeying your doct[illegible] of th[illegible] of '[illegible] such [illegible] rem[illegible] thin[illegible] cow[illegible] have[illegible] give[illegible] your[illegible] the c[illegible] and f[illegible] heart."

"Quite a long speech, upon my word! And it is not a month yet since I supposed you never indulged in anything beyond monosyllables, and scattering ones at that."

"Thank you for nothing. But how do you like my costume?"

"Charming. Who assisted you?"

"I made the things, Cousin Maggie helped arrange them, and Mr. Fred Marston acted as critic, to see whether I was respectable."

"And pronounced you *au fait*?"

"Yes, if looks would do so. But he was so busy sketching that he would hardly say a word."

"Puss," I said, after a moment's deliberation, and wondering whether I really had the courage, "do you really remember all I told you, in my gossiping way, the day after Fred and I arrived, about the doctor's instructions—how I was never to think of business or cares of any kind, but only amusement, and any nonsense that came uppermost?"

"Yes—perfectly."

"Who'd have thought I would go so contrary thereto?—first to come up to this quiet place, where both amusement and nonsense would seem to be sacrilligious; and—"

"Secondly," looking as prim and dignified as so slight and sweet a body could.

"Yes, secondly, by falling in love with you."

"I spoke deliberately, and with an effort; and the last word had not died from my lips before I knew that my premonitions of dangerous ground were not uninspired.

A pink glow suffused her face for an instant, and then faded into a whiteness that was not so deathly as it was transparent.

It added to my pain as well as to a vague delight I felt in the picture she made in her masquerading dress.

To speak of this mimic masquerade, and the picture it formed, it will be necessary to go back a few days, on which occasion I sat in the little pinched-up parlor of the old-fashioned farm house that formed my retreat from the city's hum and business for a few weeks in the summer. On the wall opposite where I sat, hung an old family portrait, so old, indeed, that the daughter of my hostess was not exactly certain as to who she was, or of what generation she had formed a part of the life. The student of fashion's caprices could probably have ascertained by research; but it really made no great difference. The salient part of the portrait was a large Elizabethian ruff, not so stiff and ungainly as generally respresented in portraits, but seeming quite graceful and pretty, and, indeed, as though forming a part of the personality of the personage, who was young, less than twenty, apparently, skin white and delicate, almost entirely devoid of color, eyes of a *dolce far nierte* feeling, and lips whose just perceptible pout was in fine keeping with the round, cheery face.

"Miss Perry," I said, "the portrait yonder is enough like you to pass for your own, if you should only tell people you were masquerading. How like a lily-of-the-valley it looks, with the round delicate face, and the delicately penciled ruff!"

"What an idea!" said Miss Perry, the daughter of my hostess. "And yet, since you suggest it, I can trace quite a resemblance. I remember hearing papa say once that she was quite a belle in her day, and there was something of a romance connected with her."

It was in dress precisely like this in all its details in which Miss Perry was arrayed when she peered over the rose bush on the afternoon in which my story opens, and greeted me with her innocent "Peep!"

"So," she faintly articulated, "your 'amusement' and 'nonsense' for this summer are falling in love with an unsophisticated country girl! Quite delightful!"

"Miss Perry!" I exclaimed in blank amazement, "you wrong me by your misapplied irony. My words were not trifling ones, as you seem to think. I was too abrupt and precipitate. I am but a tyro in wooing."

I put my arm around her slender waist as I spoke the last words, and she suffered it to remain there for an instant, and then withdrew shrinkingly, giving me a half-startled, half-shy look as she glided out of the room—a look that haunted me for months afterward.

I saw her no more that afternoon, and the next morning Fred and I were off on a trouting expedition before she was astir. At supper she was absent, and her mother volunteered the information that she had gone to visit her cousins over the mountains.

"It's in the j'ining county, some twenty miles off," she said. "One of the hors was over this way on some busi- or other, and she appeared kind o' ng, and when he spoke on't I just led her off quick. It'll do her good, a gal like all others."

"Twenty miles!" I repeated. "She'll bly then be gone five or six days."

"Five or six weeks more like," was eply. "I told her she'd have to stay, likely, till we sent for her, and that dn't be till after harvesting was The men and horses are mighty during the hot weather."

"I say, Fred," I said that evening as we sat on the piazza smoking our cigars, "I've been thinking that I'll go back to the city to-morrow or next day. To tell the truth it's getting a little dull and monotonous, and—"

"Dull and monotonous! What has got into you? Why, it's only a day or two since you were going to stay a month yet. You're just the queerest chap—"

"I've been told that often enough to know it by heart, Fred. I think I shall go up by to-morrow night's train, unless you will go too if I wait over a few days."

"Not I. I shall stay another fortnight, at any rate."

"All right. It is settled then. Walk up to the station with me, and you can send my trunk along some day when the wagon is going up."

The next evening we arrived at the little rise in sight of the station some time before the train was due, and we sat down on a rude stone wall overlooking the valley.

"By the way," said Fred, suddenly, "I didn't show you this, I believe. She looked so charming I couldn't help it."

And he opened his portfolio, which he invariably had with him, and showed me a sketch he had made of Miss Perry the day she was masquerading, which had thus far proved so disastrous to me. It was a personified lily-of-the-valley, with the delicate features of her whose name was Margaret somehow grated on my ear, and, as "Miss Perry" was too formal, I had taken to calling her "Puss."

"I say, Fred, I want this," I said.

"Nonsense! You'd better let me keep this, and take the original."

"A wise man is content with what he can get," I responded briefly, as I put it in my satchel.

Fred gave me a curious look, which I did not interpret till late in the season, and made no objection to my appropriating his sketch.

The sun was sinking behind the mountain, the valley we had just left having been for some time in deep shadow.

"Where are your canvass and colors?" I presently asked. "There's an effect of *chiaroscuro* that would draw praise from the most conservative critic."

Fred needed no second hint; and as he painted away, I observed the beautiful effect, and made occasional jerky remarks on a variety of subjects, presently saying:

"How *a propos* that masquerading wig was! She is, indeed, a lilley-of-the-valley both lily and valley being in their respective ways charming in a superlative sense.

The whistle sounded just then, and I started in haste for the train, leaving Fred busy on his picture, hardly looking up when he said good-bye, and prophesying my return in a few days.

Several times, after my return to the city, I came near doing so, wondering if it were not cowardly in me to strike my colors at such a moment, and if "Puss" did not expect me to come over the mountain to see her.

"Nearly two months had elapsed, and I had heard no word from Fred. I was on the point of putting a change of linen in a satchel and taking a two-days' run in seach of him, and to see if Miss Perry had returned, when I received a letter, which to say the least indefinately postponed the matter.

I give only those parts my readers will be interested in:

"My Dear Boy: Congratulate me—that is with an if. She won't name the day, nor positively promise that she ever will; but it is so well settled in my own mind, that I shall order the suit as soon as I arrive in town, which will be some day next week, if I can tear myself away so soon."

"How did I do it? Blest if I know! I never dreamed of such a thing till you dropped that remark you did when I gave you the sketch of the lady in her masquerade dress, that 'a wise man is content with what he can get,' which flashed through my brain the intelligence that you had been rejected, or were satisfied you would be. Why, I never could conceive, for I always supposed you to be the favorite one; but I don't puzzle over the conundrum very long. From that moment I gave myself up to the task of winning her, and went at it rough-and-tumble. I never went into anything before so recklessly, because never before had I been so seriously in earnest.

But you don't care for details. I have at last earned the trophy I shall henceforth wear so proudly on my breast."

Before Fred returned from the country, I was on the Atlantic. I had again behaved in a cowardly manner, and deserted my colors when a vigorous movement on my own part, instead of resulting so, would have had a decidedly contrary result.

But I was both blind and stupid. I could neither see nor understand what had taken place, nor how it all tended to my advantage did I but follow it up. That knowledge did not come to me till many months afterward.

On the water, and pressed to the brim with work, I had supposed I should forget the little country girl, and return heart-whole from the European trip I had been commissioned to take by the house in which I was engaged; but every day only added to the intensity of my suffering, and finally the longing I felt must forever be realized, became so much a part of my existence that even sunlight began to take its hues from the half-ripened orange.

But the exigencies of the business I was transacting demanded my continued stay, and levied such a tax on my mental capacities that I soon began to look on my trouble as annoying, but not serious, and as though a callus had grown over it, and no pain would result from it unless a violent strain were brought to bear upon it.

Then disaster came and the house suddenly failed, leaving me adrift; and I was preparing to return home when I was offered an advantageous position in a foreign house, a member of which, I was courteously informed, had "observed the masterly manner in which I had managed the affairs of the branch which had been entrusted to me."

So, of course, it transpired that I did not return to my native land that autumn nor the next, nor—in fact, it was three years from the time I left for Europe before I returned. I landed in the middle of August, last summer, and at once began to hunt up old cronies, by aid of memories and directories. But I had no luck. Fred I could get no track of, only that he had just returned from an European trip; but where he might be at that particular time was uncertain. All for whom I cared in the city were out of town for the warm weather, or else where I could not really find them, and I began to think I had been a fool to come across the water at so unpropitious a time. My own immediate family I found, on inquiry, were stopping for a few weeks at a remote place, twenty miles or more beyond the little valley where Fred and I had summered three years before, and toward that point I turned my face.

Just before sunset the train made a halt at the little village overlooking the valley where I had met my fate, and where the last time I seen Fred, he was engaged in making a sketch of the valley, hardly taking his eye from the canvass to bid me his cheery good-bye. For some reason the train was delayed a few moments, and, as I gazed over the valley, the old feeling of three years before was instantly surging and swaying in my breast; and before the train was again in motion I stood upon the rude country station platform, unable to resist the force impelling me there, thinking I could pursue my journey another day as well as this.

After the train had departed, and I observed the curious country eyes scanning my singular behavior, I suddenly realized my awkward position, and wondered what to do. Mechanically I strolled toward the spot Fred had chosen for his vantage-ground to view the valley. Little change was visible. The sunset colors were less vivid, and consequently the shadow over the valley was less sombre—a much more pleasing picture; and yet I could not help feeling that the sombre shadow was over my heart instead.

I aimlessly followed the winding road into the valley, descending at every step farther and farther into the shadow; yet my soul into its own shadow plunged more recklessly still, the gloom surrounding it seeming almost sullen in its intensity.

Suddenly it grew lighter. What did it presage? A large cumulus of cloud had drifted into the range of the sun rays, and caught the splendor, sending them down to the earth in a glow of reflection. "If my own soul could drift into such a volume of light!" I thought, bitterly, and walked slowly onward.

What marvelous shapes the clouds take at times! This one and smaller ones, drifting with and counter to it, suddenly took the shape of a large anchor, seeming to me, in my shortened vision, a gleam of mighty irony glowing with a false glimmer.

So intent was my gaze bent heavenward that I did not observe a figure immediately in front of me, emerging from the valley. It was a female figure and I hastily stepped on one side to allow her to pass, hardly withdrawing my gaze from the heavens. The moment she had passed, in obedience to a sudden impulse, I turned my head, to see hers also turned to observe me. The light from the cloud of hope shown full in her face, and I started at the recognition. Was my soul, then, drifting as yonder cloud had done? Was this thrill that bathed it in pathos the light, indeed, that warms and glorifies all it shines on—or was it but mocking irony?

"Miss Perry!" I exclaimed, "this is a rare pleasure."

She advanced in the same shy manner as of old, and held out her hand in the old coy style.

"Was it you, then, that I was to meet at the station?" she asked.

"Were you expecting some one?" I asked, a little bewildered.

"No—yes," was the hesitating reply. "I suppose, if I tell you, you will laugh at me. I was sitting in the parlor a short time ago, looking now and then at the old picture you were pleased to take so much notice of in those other years—the picture has been very dear to me latterly," she parenthetical added, with a just perceptible tremor in her voice—"when suddenly I was impressed with the idea that I was too meet some one at the station. The notion occurred to me at once as so ridiculous, that I laughed outright. But it wouldn't be, laughed down and finally I started, and—here I am."

I then told her how I had just returned from Europe, and was on my way to find my mother and sister, when I was impelled from the cars.

"And you were going right by without stopping to see us?"

I hesitated not knowing the nature of the ground I was standing on, and not caring to make a misstep.

"Fred and I would both have been so disappointed if you had."

"Ah! is Fred here!" I asked, making an effort to appear at ease, though succeeding badly, I am afraid.

"Why, of course. He is here all the time, now, except for a few months in the winter."

My heart leaped into my throat in very agony, and for a moment I dared not trust myself to speak. We had in the meantime been walking slowly down into the valley, and suddenly a door of a house close by the wayside swung open, and a flood of light rested upon my companion. Ah, the caprice of fashion! How its edicts drift around in circles, and turn up unexpectedly! Of course the ruff was not so *prononce*, nor the rolling folds to the dress, gathering in a mass back of the neck, so angular and so stiff as represented in the Elizabethain portrait; but there she was in the dress, with modifications, in which she had made the final assault upon my heart, and won it—"unknowingly, heedlessly," I said to myself.

"Didn't you know of Fred's marriage?" she asked, after the awkward pause in which my mind had been so busy.

"Not to a certainty. I conjectured as much. You are very happy, I suppose—"

"Yes, as the world goes, Fred is the dearest and best fellow in the world. How long since you have seen him? It is a long time, isn't it?"

"Three years. He was seated where I met you, just now, the night of my return home, and after you went over the mountains so much after the French-leave manner."

"Oh, I was such a silly chit then."

"And think you have grown wiser, now?"

"Maybe not, nor happier; this world is for growth not for happiness, after all growth is the object, happiness the result; not the reverse, as people generally suppose."

"And Fred has grown in art as well as in a domestic way?"

"Oh, yes. He is quite the rage in certain circles. But you know all about that, probably?"

"No. I have been so immersed in business in Europe that I have absolutely not heard of or from him since—let me see; no, no, not since he wrote, just after my return from here, to tell me of his engagement with you."

"His—engagement—with—me!" drawing a sharp breath at the enunciation of every word. "He was never engaged to me. Did he write you that?"

"He implied as much. If I remember rightly, however, there was a chance for a contrary result."

"He fancied at one time he was in love with me and I don't know but considered himself engaged, but it only lasted a few weeks. He went to Europe, he said, to die of a broken heart; but came back last fall and my cousin, and—"

"And—you—are—not—married?"

I did not hear her reply, only saw her shake her head in the rapidly gathering dusk, and clasped my arm around her as I had done three summers before. but she did not withdraw from my embrace this time, in ever so gentle a manner; and when I asked her if she would be my lily-of-the-valley, the answer she gave shone over my soul as the departing sunlight had over the anchor-shaped cloud, and the reflected radiance illuminated my whole being.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Mad in Spite of Himself.

"Everything goes wrong," said Mr. Tripler, laying down his knife and fork with the face of a martyr.

There are some people in the world with whom "everything" seems chronically to go wrong—there are some whose first infantine wail is uttered in a minor key, and who go on lamenting through life; and of this much-abused class Mr. Nathan Tripler was a burning and a shining light.

"What's the matter, dear?" questioned Mrs. Tripler, who sat opposite her husband with a round-eyed baby on her knee, and two or three little ones clamoring for their share of the matutinal meal on either side of her.

Mrs. Tripler was a trim, neatly-made little woman, with blue eyes and flaxen hair—a woman who might have been pretty, could she have divested herself of a certain frightened, apprehensive look that came over her whenever her liege-lord spoke or looked toward her. Not that Dorothy Tripler was actually afraid—her husband had never either beaten her or used coercive measures, but when a man begins to find fault, a woman never is easy in her mind lest some domestic screw should be waxing loose.

"I can't eat a mouthful, Dorothy," croaked Mr. Tripler, dolefully. "Such cooking and such food! you may as well turn that new cook of yours into the street at once."

"But, Nathan, I—I am very sorry, but I cooked the breakfast myself, this morning. Isn't it nice?"

"Nice? Yes—very nice for those who can digest leather and drink dishwater!"

"The biscuit are fresh and hot, Nathan."

"I don't want to be poisoned with hot bread."

"And I thought the steak was unusually tender.'

No reply. Mr. Tripler had folded his arms and was gazing with an expression of abstracted despair at the ceiling.

"Will you have another cup of coffee?" timidly questioned his wife.

"Coffee? Is that coffee? Really I thought it was hot water that had got into the urn by mistake!"

"I will order some fresh made," said Mrs. Tripler, with her hand on the bell-rope.

"You will do no such thing, ma'am, if ou please," said Mr. Tripler, shortly. "My appetite is completely destroyed."

"Will you have an egg boiled?"

"No."

"There's some very nice ham in the pantry."

"I dare say—there always is when I don't want it."

"I am very sorry, Nathan," said poor little Mrs. Tripler, despairingly.

Yes she was sorry, this faithful, much enduring wife; nor did the frequent repetition of this domestic storm at all abate her penitence and sense of guilt. Some women would have got accustomed to the disturbance and thrown it off as a robin casts the dew-drops from her wing. Not so Dorothy Tripler. She was too sensitive, too conscientious, too delicately organized to laugh off her troubles as surface deep characters would have done. So when her husband had departed, still grumbling under his breath, as he slammed the door, she leaned her throbbing head upon one weary little hand and murmured softly to herself,—

"Oh, I wish Nathan was different!"

Then, as if she had uttered high treason, she started to her feet, checking the sensation of repining, and began industriously to prepare the three apple-cheeked, tow-headed little Triplers for school.

"It's Monday morning and Nathan don't like them to be too late," thought the meek-spirited wife.

Meanwhile Mr. Tripler was slowly walking down the path through the wild and solitary glen that led to the road where twice a day, the Lendville stage rolled by conveying passengers to the train at Martin's Station. It was cheaper to live in the country, and so Mr. Tripler lived there, although, as far as actual tastes went, he didn't know a buttercup from a burdock.

As Nathan trudged along, thinking how best to get rid of some troublesome shares of railway stock that were sinking uncomfortably on his hands, he suddenly became conscious of the presence of a man, stout and middle-aged, with a head as smooth and shining as a billiard ball, who was sitting on a boulder of moss-grown stone just where the pathway merged into the Lendville road.

"Good morning, sir," said the stranger, "Have a seat?"

Mr. Tripler had no very strong social elements in his nature, so he stiffly inclined his head and kept on his way. But the first he knew two iron grasps were on his shoulder, he felt himself twirled suddenly around, like a human humming top, and seated with more force than was exactly agreeable on the boulder.

"What do you mean—"

"Dear me!" suddenly interrupted this uncomfortable companion, "what a very nice hat you have. Now, what do you say to exchanging hats? Mine is a very nice straw, but I find it's somehow heating to the brain."

"You are quite welcome, sir," faltered the tremulous Nathan, speaking all the more rapidly in that the fr[illegible]akish maniac had already affected the ch[illegible]nge.

"And your coat, too—nice cool linen. Upon my word, now, that coat is infinitely preferable to this sw[illegible] allow-tailed concern of mine, with the bra[illegible]s buttons. Yes—it fits me very nicely. I hope you don't object sir, to the accommo[illegible]dation?"

"N—no!" faltered Mr. Tripler.

"Well, good morning," said the stranger, looking round with a bewilde[illegible]ed air. "I don't really see where my chief order-ly is—I told him to be here precisely at nine o'clock—and everything will be in confusion if I don't attend to it perso[illegible]nally."

He plunged into the green, dense fastnesses of the woods, talking restlessly to himself as he went, and Mr. Nathan Tripler was left *solus* in a coarse straw hat and a coat of coarse blue cloth, garnished with huge metel buttons, whose brilliance was considerably tarnished.

"Dear me, what a figure I cut," groaned Mr. Tripler, eyeing himself with disgust. "I must go directly home and get on something decent. A man would be hooted through the streets of New York if he ventured to make his appearance in such a costume as this!"

He rose, brushed away the chill drops of perspiration from his forehead, and was just replacing the crimson silk pocket handkerchief in its resting-place when he was suddenly grasped from behind and thrown upon the ground.

"Well we've cotch you at last, my hearty," said a burly man who stood over him, while another man had bound both his hands and feet together before he could find words or breath to remonstrate. "You thought you was goin' to give us the slip, hey? Come, it isn't worth while to cut up like that, you know, unless you want the straight-jacket brought out."

"Straight-jacket?" gasped Tripler, "what do I want of a straight jacket?"

"Nothing; unless you behave yourself unruly like. Steady, then! Tom, bring up the wagon."

"Where are you taking me to?" remonstrated our hero, as he was tumbled into a one-horse wagon.

"To the asylum to be sure, where you'd have been two hours ago if you hadn't been a little too spry for the stage-driver and your keeper."

Light began to dawn on the troubled chaos of Mr. Triple's much bewildered mind.

"It's all a mistake, my good fellows—a ridiculous mistake," he exclaimed, "I'm not a mad man!"

"No, of course not; we know you're not," responded the larger of the two with a wink at his companion—"Drive on Tom."

"But I am not, indeed; you are mistaking me for somebody else—a man who just forced me to exchange hats and coats with him, and went down into the woods—he is the mad man!"

"Oh, no—I guess not," said the big keeper, with a fearful attempt at pleasant irony.

"My good man you are laboring under some very singular delusion," remonstrated the victim, trying to speak plainly between the jolting of the wagon and his own excitement. "I am Mr. Nathan Tripler, of No.—, John Street.

"Oh, yes," said the keeper, lighting a cigar, "yesterday you was Napoleon Bonaparte, and to-day you're Nathan Tripler, and to-morrow—likely as not—you'll be the king of the Sandwich Islands. I've heard this kind o' talk afore."

Tripler's heart began to stand still with undefined horror. Was this a hideous dream? or was he to be actually immured within the stone walls of the asylum he had so often walked past with a feeling of dread and horror beyond all description, the life-long victim of some scarce credible mistake? In vain he reasoned, argued, protested; his words fell on the unheeding ears of his two conductors like drops of rain pattering on the stony surface of Table Rock, until at length he was carried—more dead than alive—into a narrow apartment at the end of a long row of similar ones.

It was lighted and ventilated by an iron grating in the door, with a corresponding window high up in the wall; and there Mr. Nathan Tripler, released from his confining bonds, was left to enjoy the uninterrupted society of his own cheerless meditations.

"It can't be possible! I must be asleep and dreaming!" thought Nathan.

But is was possible, and he never was wider awake in his life.

Toward evening a pitcher of water and a piece of bread were dealt out to him. Mr. Tripler ate it under a sort of mental protest to relieve the gnawing sensation of faintness that was at his vitals.

"What would I give for one of Dorothy's hot biscuits," thought the wretched captive. "My poor little Dorothy! I have been too hard upon her. Suppose—just suppose I should die without being able to tell how ashamed I am of having been such a brute."

It was not the dry bread that choked Nathan Tripler just then—it was the humiliating sense of his own sins and shortcomings.

Next morning it was bread and water again. Nathan thought of Dorothy's despised coffee and grumbled at steak.

"I've deserved it," thought Nathan; "there's no mistake about it. Poor, darling little Dorothy! how her heart is aching for me now. I wish I could stroke down her hair just once. "Oh, it is hard to be treated so, even though I know I'm served exactly right. If I ever get out of this hole alive, Dorothy will find me a changed man."

The confused current of thoughts was just eddying vaguely through his mind when there was a sound of steps and voices in the long corridor without.

"I suppose they're going to put on a straight waistcoat," thought Mr. Tripler with a resigned air. "Well, there's nothing left for me to endure. I don't think I'm mad; but how long I shall hold out sane under this interesting concatenation of circumstances is rather a doubtful question."

But Mr. Tripler was mistaken about the straight waistcoat—it was his keeper instead, accompanied by two or three gentlemen—all profuse in apologies and sympathetic ejaculations.

"Such a mistake!" said one old gentleman, with a bald head.

"So awkward for you, my dear sir?" said another middle-aged gentleman, with a roman nose.

"But entirely unintentional, I assure you, sir," chimed in a third.

While Mr. Tripler looked vaguely from one to another he said,—

"Then I'm not mad, it seems?"

"Not a particle, sir!" cried the three committee-men in chorus.

"Oh!" said Mr. Tripler, "I'm glad to hear it."

Then the committee proceeded to inform their involuntary guest how the mistake had happened by which his identity had been confounded with that of the mysterious acquaintance of the woods.

"We are very sorry," said the first committee-man, shaking Mr. Tripler's hand as if it had been the town pump.

"So am I," said Mr. Tripler laconically.

"Here is your hat and coat sir," said the second committee-man. "We had great difficulty in getting them away from our poor friend in the Incurable ward, who fancied they were the last dying bequest of President Lincoln.

"And anything we can do to make any atonement for the awkward mistake would be a pleasure," said the third; while the keeper eyed Mr. Tripler dubiously, as if not altogether certain but that he was a little mad after all.

When Mr. Nathan Tripler reached his home, all was the wildest grief and confusion there. Dorothy had had the woods searched, the river dragged, and the whole vicinage ransacked, and was now in hysterics in the nursery. Nathan walked straight in, and put both arms around her.

"Here I am, Dottie! Don't cry any more."

But Mrs. Tripler cried more than ever.

"It's only a dream," she sobbed forth. "Nathan is dead."

"No, I'm not dead," said Mr. Tripler, with a grim sense of humor, "only I've been mad." And quieting his wife's sobs after a while, he told her all his adventures, "and now is dinner ready?" he asked, "for I'm as hungry as a bear."

"I haven't a thing in the house fit to eat, Nathan dear," wailed his wife.

"I don't care if it's nothing but dry bread and molasses, Dottie," said the husband. "I can tell you that asylum took some of the nonsense out of me. I shall never grumble again, don't be afraid."

And Dorothy brightened up. It was the first time he had called her "Dottie," or spoken so tenderly, since their honeymoon was in its crescent glow.

He adhered to his good resolutions—he never did grumble again. The asylum had done him genuine good.

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TERMS to subscribers in the county, $2.00 in advance; outside of the county, $2.15. No notice will be taken of orders for the paper from persons residing outside of the county unless the money accompanies the order.

EDWARD T. TUTEN, Proprietor.

FOR RENT!

THE room lately occupied by us in the

BUSH HOUSE BLOCK,

IS

FOR RENT!

AT

REASONABLE RATES.

Apply at this office.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Coal, Lime, &c.

Coal! Coal! Coal!

HAVING erected new Coal Sheds and new Scales, (Fairbanks') we are prepared to furnish the

Very Best Quality

OF

Wilkesbarre and Shamokin Coal

to all who may want the same, at the

MOST REASONABLE PRICES

Our Coal is of the very

BEST IN THE MARKET

and will be delivered at the residence of all parties in Bellefonte, as low as the same quality of coal can be had elsewhere.

OFFICE IN McCAFFERTY'S BUILDING, (opposite the depot)

J. R. & C. T. ALEXANDER.

WM. SHORTLIDGE. BOND VALENTINE

Shortlidge & Co.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

COAL UNDER ROOF,

FROM THE

WILKESBARRE BALTIMORE COAL CO'S MINES,

prepared expressly for family use.

BEST COAL IN THE MARKET!

Also, SHAMOKIN ANTHRACITE COAL.

LIME!

WOOD or COAL BURNT,

challenges competition as to quality.

Agents for the sale of

DUPONT'S POWDER

RIFLE, SPORTING and BLASTING POWDER constantly on hand, which is sold in large or small quantities.

FUSE—BEST COTTON, HEMP AND TAPE FUSE for BLASTING,

FIRE BRICK AND GROUND FIRE CLAY,

all of which are being sold at the very LOWEST PRICES.

CONSUMERS OF AND DEALERS IN THE ABOVE ARTICLES ARE SOLICITED TO GIVE US A CALL!

Office and Yard near South End of Bald Eagle Valley Railroad Depot.

v5n34-1y

Hardware.

HARDWARE

NO. 5 BROCKERHOFF ROW

J & J. HARRIS,

SELL AT THE LOWEST PRICE

All sorts of

Forks,

Chains,

Shovels,

Axes,

Grindstones,

Coal Oil Lamps,

Paints,

Oils,

Varnishes,

&c.

We hope by

STRICT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS

merit and receive a share of public patronage.

BUILDERS AND OTHERS

will find it to their advantage to call and examine our stock.

J. & J. HARRIS,

v5 No. 5 Brockerhoff Row.

P. B. WILSON. T. A. HICKS. B. K. HICKS

WILSON & HICKS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL HARDWARE DEALERS.

Iron Paints, Oils, Glass &c.

Builder's Hardware.

Coach Maker's Goods.

Cabinet Maker's Stock.

Stoves of All Kinds.

Children's Buggies,

Waggons, Carts, &c.

WILSON & HICKS.

NOTICE—We will sell to responsible men on three months credit. Will take off 5 per cent for cash, which is equal to 20 per cent. per annum. It will pay the purchaser to borrow at 10 from other parties, if he can save 20 in buying from us. In this way we can, turn our money and sell lower.

RAILROADS.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD—PHILADELPHIA & ERIE R. R. DIVISION, connection with BALD EAGLE VALLEY R. R.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, MAY 23, 1875 the Trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

FAST LINE leaves	New York			9 25 a. m
"	"	Philadelphia		12. 55 p. m
"	"	Baltimore		1. 20 p. m
"	"	Harrisb'g		5.00 p. m
"	"	arr. at Williamsp't		8.55 p. m
"	"	Lock Haven		10.20 p. m
"	" "	Bellefonte		11.50 p. m
ERIE MAIL leaves	New York			8.25 p.
"	"	Philadelphia		11.55 p.
"	"	Baltimore		11.55 p. m
"	"	Harrisburg		4.25 a. m
"	"	Williamsport		8.32 a. m
"	"	Lock Haven		9.45 a. m
"	"	Renovo		11.05 a. m
"	"	arr. at Erie		7.50 p. m
NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves	Philada			7.40 a. m
"	"	"	Baltimore	7.35 a. m
"	"	"	Harrisb'g	10.55 a. m
"	"	arr. at Williamsp't		1.55 p. m
"	"	"	Lock Haven	3.15 p. m
"	"	"	Renovo	4.30 p. m
"	"	"	Bellefonte	4.58 p. m
ELMIRA MAIL leaves	Philadelphia,			8.00 a. m
"	"	"	Baltimore	8.30 a. m
"	"	"	Harrisburg	1.25 p. m
"	"	arr. at	Williamsport	6.10 p. m
"	"	"	Lock Haven	7.50 p. m

EASTWARD.

PHILA. EXPRESS leaves	Lock Haven			6.40 a m
"	"	"	Williamsp't	7.55 a. m
"	"	arr. at	Harrisb'g	11.45 a. m
"	"	"	Baltimore	6.15 p m
"	"	"	Philadelphia	3.35 p. m
"	"	"	New York	6.45 p. m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Bellefonte			8.10 a. m
"	"	"	Renovo	9.10 a. m
"	"	"	Lock Haven	10.25 a m
"	"	"	Williamsport	11.35 a m
"	"	arr at	Harrisburg	3.00 p m
"	"	"	Philadelphia	6.20 p
"	"	"	New York	9.15 p. m
"	"	"	Baltimore	6.35 p. m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie			11.20 a. m
"	"	*Bellefonte		8.22 p. m
"	"	Renovo		5.25 p. m
"	"	Lock Haven		9.45 p. m
"	"	Williamsp't		10.50 p. m
"	arr. at	Harrisburg		2.25 a. m
"	"	Baltimore		7.35 a. m
"	"	Phila		6.45 a. m
"	"	New York		10.10 a. m
FAST LINE leaves	Williamsport			12.35 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		6.55 a m
"	"	Baltimore		7.35 a m
"	"	Philadelphia		7.35 a m
"	"	New York		10.25 a m

* The Bald Eagle Valley Express leaves Bellefonte at 8.22 p. m. and connects with Erie Mail at Lock Haven at 9.45 p. m.

Erie Mail west, Niagara Express west, Elmira west Mail and Day Express east make close connection at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail west, Niagara Express west and Elmira Mail west make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Erie Mail east and west, Niagara Express west, Fast Line west and Day Express east make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail east and west connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R., at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor Cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express west, Fast Line west, Philadelphia Express east and Day Express east. Sleeping Cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, Gen'l Sup.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY DIVISION.

STATIONS.	MILES.	Mail. A.M.	Exp. P.M.
Leave Tyrone		8 50	6 45
East Tyrone	1	8 57	6 52
Bald Eagle	5	8 46	7 01
Hannah	10	8 58	7 15
Port Matilda	14	9 05	7 23
Martha	17	9 13	7 33
Julian	21	9 22	7 44
Unionville	26	9 33	7 56
Snow Shoe Intersection	29	9 41	8 05
Milesburg	31	9 45	8 10
Arrive Bellefonte	33	9 54	8 19
Leave Bellefonte	33	9 57	8 22
Milesburg	31	10 10	8 35
Curtin	34	10 22	8 45
Mount Eagle	37	10 29	8 52
Howard	40	10 38	9 02
Eagleville	44	10 52	9 13
Beech Creek	46	10 57	9 18
Mill Hall	51	11 12	9 32
Flemington	52	11 17	9 37
Arrive Lock Haven	55	11 22	9 42

RETURN.

Leave Lock Haven	0	9 15	3 15
Flemington	3	10 00	3 21
Mill Hall	4	10 04	3 25
Beech Creek	9	10 19	3 40
Eagleville	11	10 24	3 45
Howard	15	10 38	4 00
Mount Eagle	18	10 47	4 09
Curtin	21	10 54	4 15
Milesburg	24	11 05	4 25
Arrive Bellefonte	26	11 18	4 38
Leave Bellefonte	26	11 21	4 41
Milesburg	24	11 30	4 50
Snow Shoe Intersection	26	11 34	4 54
Unionville	29	11 45	5 04
Julian	34	11 57	5 15
Martha	38	12 08	5 26
Port Matilda	41	12 18	5 35
Hannah	45	12 28	5 44
Bald Eagle	50	12 43	5 58
Vail	52	12 48	6 03
East Tyrone	54	12 53	6 08
Arrive Tyrone	55	1 00	6 15

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE R. R.

Leave Bellefonte	8 10	A.M.	2 25	P.M
Arrive at Snow Shoe	10 40		5 35	
Leave Snow Shoe	9 10		2 25	
Arrive at Bellefonte	12 10	P.M.	5 10	

The 9 10 from Snow Shoe intersects with the Bald Eagle Express, going west, at Snow Shoe Intersection.

The train leaving Snow Shoe at 2.25 intersects with the Bald Eagle mail west at Milesburg.

DANIEL RHOADS, Supt

LEWISTOWN DIVISION.

MIFFLIN & CENTRE—EASTWARD.

	Accom. No. 1.	Accom. No. 2.	Accom. No. 3.
LEWISTOWN Ju.	6 50 a m	12 01 p m	4 10 p m
LEWISTOWN	7 10	12 07	4 16
Logan	7 26	12 16	4 24
Yeagertown	7 33	12 21	4 28
Mann's	7 44	12 28	4 35
Reedsville	7 52	12 38	4 45
Honey Creek	8 10	12 44	4 58
Naginy	8 20	12 50	4 55
MILROY, Arrive	8 30 a m	12 55 p m	5 05 p m

Returning leave Milroy at 8 50 a. m., 1 30 p. and 5 15 p.m; Reedsville at 9 11 a. m., 1 00 and 5 36 p. m., arriving at Lewistown at 9 40 a. m., 2 25 and 6 05 p. m.

The Mifflin and Centre and Sunbury and Lewistown connect at Lewistown with way passenger and fast lines west, and mail and Cincinnati express east; and at Sunbury with trains on Northern Central, Phila. & Erie, and Hazleton.

P. F. SMITH, Supt.

ISAIAH BLOOM has applied to the Secretary of Internal Affairs for one hundred acres of land situated in Boggs twp., in the County of the Centre, bounded on the East by land of warrantee name of William Russel, on the South by John Scott, on the West by Frank McCoy and on the North by Michael Weber. 23-3t*

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the prescription will please address,

Rev. E. A. WILSON, 50-6m 194 Penn St., Williamsburgh, N. York

$5 to $20 per day. Agents wanted. All classes of working people of both sexes, young and old, make more money at work for us, in their own localities, during their spare moments, or all the time than at anything else. We offer employment that will pay handsomely for every hour's work. Full particulars, terms, &c., sent free. Send us your address at once. Don't delay. Now is the time. Don't look for work or business elsewhere until you have learned what we offer. G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. 7-1-1y

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

EDWARD T. TUTEN, EDITOR.

Terms: $2.00 Per Annum in Advance.

OUR TERMS
FOR SUBSCRIPTION AND ADVERTISING.

The BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN is published every WEDNESDAY MORNING, in Bellefonte Pa. by

EDWARD T. TUTEN,

at the following rates

One year in advance.....$2.00
If not paid within 6 months.....2.50
If not paid for until expiration of year.$3.00

Papers discontinued to subscribers at the expiration of their terms of subscription, at the option of the publishers, nless otherwise agreed upon.

Papers will not be sent out of Centre county *unless paid for in advance.*

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cts. per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed upon, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial Notices in our local columns, 25 cts. per line for each insertion

Marriage or Death announcements published free of charge. Obituary notices published free, subject to revision and condensation by the Editors.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding lines this type, $8.00 per annum.

All Advertisements for a less term than three months, 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cts. a line for each additional insertion.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3 mos.	6 mos	1 year.
inch(12 lin'this type)	$ 5 00	$ 8 00	$12 00
Two inches	7 00	10 00	15 00
Three inches	10 00	15 00	20 00
Four inches	11 00	17 00	25 00
Quarter column	12 00	20 00	30 00
Half column	20 00	35 00	55 00
One column	35 00	55 00	125 00

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Job Work of every variety, such as Posters, Bill-heads, Letter-heads, Cards, Checks, Envelopes Paper-books, Programmes, Blanks, &c., &c., executed in the best style with promptness, and at the most reasonable rates.

Address all communications, relating to business, to EDWARD T. TUTEN, Proprietor.
Bellefonte, Pa

READ! READ!! READ !!

We have made arrangements with the following publishers so that we can furnish their publications with the REPUBLICAN at reduced rates, thus affording those who desire such books and papers, an opportunity to save from twenty to thirty per cent.

There is no postage to be paid by the subscriber, but no paper will be sent until the money is received at this office:

	Regular Price	Price with Republican
MONTHLY.		
Harper's Magazine	$4.00	$3.25
Scribner's Monthly	4.00	3.25
St. Nicholas	3.00	4.50
Peter's Musical Monthly	3.00	4.00
La Creme de la Creme	4.00	5.00
Locke's National Monthly	1.00	2.50
American Farm Journal	1.00	2.60
Peterson's Journal	3.00	4.50
The Republic	2.00	3.50
Penn Monthly	3.00	3.75
Woods' Household Magazine	1.00	2.75
WEEKLY.		
Harper's Weekly	4.00	5.25
Harper's Bazar	4.00	5.25
Forney's Press	2.00	3.50
Toledo Weekly Blade	2.00	3.50
Scientific American	2.20	4.75
American Agriculturist	1.60	3.00
Cincinnati Weekly Times	2.00	3.65.

☞ We can furnish any weekly or monthly, publication in the United States at less than publisher's prices.

MAGNIFICENT OFFER!

Sewing Machines Given Away.—Subscribe for The Bellefonte Republican, the Liveliest and Best Paper in Centre Co. A Sixty Dollar Machine of the Best Make in the World for 30 Names.

A very liberal contract, which we have just completed with the Weed Sewing Machine Company, will enable us, we hope, to place their celebrated machines in many families throughout the country. So fine an opportunity to secure a first-class sewing machine seldom occurs. May we not expect the friends of this paper to make an earnest, united effort to extend greatly its circulation, and thus help to increase its influence? *We will liberally reward those who work for us.* Reader, can you not form a club in your neighborhood and secure this sewing machine premium? *A few hours of well-directed effort will obtain it.* Postmasters in the smaller towns and villages can, with a little thought and effort, easily send us the requisite number of names. Has the parsonage a sewing machine? If not, call upon a few ladies and gentlemen of the congregation. Tell them your plan and ask them to help you. In the congregation 30 names can, with little difficulty, be secured. Send us the $60 and we will forward for one year this paper to each of the 30 subscribers, which will pay them the *full vaue* of their subscriptions, *and in addition, we will make a present, to any person you may designate, of a beautiful sixty dollar Sewing Machine.* How easily a club may be formed in the Masonic or Odd Fellows or Temperance Society, or in the Grange? Is there not depending upon your society some poor widow to whom a sewing machine would be for years to come a blessing? Pass the subscription paper. Thirty persons subscribing for this journal at $2.00 each, will secure for themselves, without any extra charge, the paper for one year, and a most valuable present for some needy family. TRY IT, FRIENDS. DON'T WAIT! BEGIN THE WORK AT ONCE! Send us word that you have undertaken the formation of such a club.

Remember, the machines are warranted to be *perfectly new, latest improved, and in perfect order.*

OUR ASSOCIATED PRESS LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA Aug. 25, 1875.

THE CENTENNIAL.

The space allotted to France for her exhibits at our great exhibition next year, was 28,000 square feet, but France, having concluded to outshine the world at the American Centennial, through her Centennial Commissioner, writes that she must have 36,000 square feet in the main exhibition building, 9,000 feet in machinery hall, 9,000 in horticultural hall, 9,000 in agricultural hall, exclusive of passage ways, making an aggregate of about 75,000 square feet, and in the art gallery she wants space enough for the display of the works of art that will be sent here by the Government of France.

In my opinion the choicest gem that will be sent to this city during the exhibition will be Lieannard's Diorama of the Siege of Paris. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of this painting from its weight, which is 50,000 pounds. The view is taken from the elevation known to tourists as Mount Chatillon. The Tuileries, the Madeline, the Palais d'Industre, the Hotel des Invalides, the Place Vendome, the Place de la Concorde where the fatal guillotine was first erected, Notre Dame, the Rue de la Paix, the Boulevards des Capucins, Chaussee d'Antin, the New Opera House, the River Seine, and the streets of Paris in that dreadful hour with a resolute people behind its walls and a determined foe besieging the city from without, are all as plainly seen as the houses, people and busy life are seen in the city of Philadelphia from the balcony on Independence Hall.

Col. Lieannard, has had 30 of the best artists of Paris at work upon the painting. Among them may be named Betseller, whose recent painting of President MacMahon sold for 30,000 francs, Lehnert the famous French figure painter, Plonsey the sculptor, Greux the well known painter of battle field sketches, Grandchamps, whose portraits are renowned all over the world, and such other familiar names as Desbrosses, Honton, Barnard, Brancous, Leprince etc., with Luinnard, anatomist, sculptor, painter, soldier, superintending every detail, applying mathematical rules to his distances, and judging of perspectives, figures and colors, with a perfection attained probably, by no other living artist.

Col. John W. Forney, in describing this grand picture says of it: "You are brought face to face with the real features of the fight, those nearest to you, men and horses, being life size. The optical delusion is so perfect that you pass from these objects, and from trees and houses the natural or usual size, till the vision is as realistic as if you gazed upon the streets and scenes of Paris from the Place Vendome."

The Diorama will leave for this city on the 20th of September in the Steamer France, plying between Havre and New York. On account of its being painted for exhibition during the Centennial, the French Government remits even the freight duty on it.

A number of New York art connoisseurs have asked to have the painting placed on exhibition for a short time in that city, and Mr. Dobbins has assented. I asked Mr. Thomas Cochran, the able chairman of the building committee of the Centennial Board, where this painting, covering acres of canvas would be placed, and he informed me that Mr. dobbins, the contractor for the main exhibition building and of memorial hall, had been authorized by several patriotic and liberal gentlemen to purchase the Colosseum of New York. Soon after, I met Mr. Dobbins on the street and he informed me that he had purchased it and purposed bringing it over to this city, and here let me inform your readers, is true American enterprise.

The Colosseum is a super-structure of wrought iron frame work, covered with corrugated iron, and now occupies 211 feet on Broadway, 221 feet on 35th street, and 200 on 36th street; the building is cylindrical, 150 feet in diameter outside, and 80 feet in height, with a tower 140 feet high in the centre; the glass dome rising from the cornice to the tower is 120 feet over; the roof alone weighs 200 tons, and this, the largest iron building in America, is to be moved from New York to Philadelphia in order to exhibit the grandest piece of painting in the world. What will not American ingenuity and Philadelphia enterprise accomplish?

MISCELLANEOUS.

James Samuels, a Hebrew gentleman, 45 years of age, doing a nice business as a clothier, concluded to leave his wife and three children and take a summer jaunt through the watermelon patches of New Jersey. Acting upon the principle that it is not good for "man to be alone" he took his neighor's daughter, Miss Mossheim, with him. This made Mr. Mossheim angry, and he went in search of Samuels, and found him and his daughter at a hotel in Merchantville, N. J., about 5 miles from this city. Mr. Samuels now feigns insanity and tries to butt his brains outagainst the cell station where he is confined, awaiting trial for adultery.

Evidently Mr. Thomas Scroggy is pleased with the fare at the penitentiary, for it is but a few weeks since he left it, sentenced for selling obscene illustrated papers published in New York, and now the police have arrested him for a repetition of the offense. Our Mayor, Mr. Stokley, appears determined to rid our city of all its vices before the Centennial reaches us.

Hon. Wm. Wallace, U. S. Senator, and Andrew H. Dill, State Senator, have been here in the city setting things up for Judge Ross, for Governor and Ameus C. Noyes for State Treasurer. They succeeded in capturing only Sam Josephs and Bill McMullin, all the rest of the delegates being for Mayor Fox, and here let me observe that the friends of Mr. Fox will insist upon his nomination, first, because of his fitness, and second, that Massachusetts elected a Democratic governor only when she nominated Mayor Gaston, of Boston, and that New York swept the State with Recorder Hoffman as her Governor. I think Wallace did himself harm by mixing in this gubernatorial fight in favor of Ross.

In a city like Philadelphia, nearly one million inhabitants, there are of course many worthy objects of interest for the stranger visiting us, and among the most interesting is that of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane. As it is a charitable institution, it is proper for me to speak of it. At the close of the last report there were 416 patients under treatment; during the year 218 were discharged of which number 46 died, 32 left the hospital in about the same condition in which they entered it, 48 were improved, 15 much improved and 107 cured.

Of those that died, one had been in the hospital 57 years, another 30 years and one 15 years, and 12, more than one year; 3 were in the house less than one week, 10 less than one month, 8 less than three months, 7 between 3 and 6 months and 3 between 6 months and one year.

Since the institution was opened at its present location, in 1841, there have been 6899 patients treated; of this vast number 5 were under 10 years of age; 28 between 10 and 15; the largest number being between 25 and 30 and amounting to 1047; and between 85 and 95 years but 2, one of each sex, were admitted.

Of the 3679 male patients admitted during that time 427 were farmers, 360 merchants, 359 clerks, 82 physicians, 81 lawyears, 40 clergymen, 37 printers, 4 editors 126, carpenters, 99 shoemakers, 43 blacksmiths, 47 tailors, 273 laborers and 536 of "no occupation."

Of the 3220 females 302 were dressmakers, 300 servants, 89 school teachers, 53 storekeepers; of the single ladies, 149 were farmers' daughters, 189 the daughters of merchants, 28 of lawyers, 15 of physicians, 35 of clerks, 15 of carpenters; of the married women 242 were the wives of farmers, 88 of clerks, 214 of merchants, 187 of laborers, 30 of clergymen, 47 of carpenters, 6 of editors, 39 of shoemakers, 23 of tailors.

Of the whole number, 5206 were born in the United States, 860 in Ireland, 375 in Germany, 285 in England, and 25 in France.

Of the 6899 treated 3212 have been restored to society and usefulness cured, while 1611 have left more or less improved, and 2076 were incurable.

J. W. F.

Grangers' Pic-nic.

About one thousand Grangers and others, attended the Grangers' pic-nic at Hublersburg, on Saturday. The day was unusually a pleasant one, the weather was delightful, and the pic-nic was more than a success. A procession was formed at Hublersburg about nine o'clock, which numbered about one thousand persons, under command of William Pennington, Chief Marshal. The line of march led to Adam Decker's pic-nic grounds, about one mile from town. The Rebersburg band headed the cavalcade. On reaching the grove, William Pennington, Esq., was elected president, and John S. Hoy and James Antes, vice-presidents; J. Newlin Hall, W. W. Lamb, and D. Dunker, sec'y. After music by the band and a prayer made by Rev. J. A. Bright, Hon. Leonard Rhone, Deputy Master of the State Grange, was introduced, and delivered an excellent and interesting address, which we give a full report of below. The band played another tune, and then the signal was given for dinner. An hour was spent in the discussion of the best products of the valley, served on impromptu tables in the most excellent style. Everybody was filled to overflowing when that dinner was over. Next in order was music, and then a speech by Col. J. F. Weaver, of Milesburg. Our reporter did not give us Col. Weaver's speech, but everybody said it was an excellent one. Below is a report of Mr. Rhone's address:

No one at this day doubts the importance of agricultural information.

Knowledge in this department is not only power; but it is wealth, individual and national. That system of cultivation which produces two blades of grass or two kernels of wheat where only one grew before, and how to bring it into market, must not only be a benefit to each individual producer, but of immense advantage to the country and the world—which will help to raise agriculture from mere drudgery to an important science. A country like this, eminently a producing one, when agriculture in its different forms is the foundation of the social and financial structure, needs a class of farmers as wise, intelligent and cultivated as any part of its people. Agricultural prosperity, not to speak of the safety of our institutions, depends upon this.

The farmer must not only know how to reach the highest and most intelligent results in the way of production, but he must also add to this wide range of knowledge the education of the merchant, to enable him to buy and sell; of the statesman, that he may vote wisely; of the lawyer, that he may both criticise and use the laws.

For the advancement of agricultural information, many efforts have been made by our most intelligent farmers to establish agricultural societies to enlist the farmers.

For the promotion of agriculture to an important science, but for the want of a united effort and a proper union to give them force and influence, we have found that some organization was necessary to bind the farmers together in fraternity to establish confidence among the agricultural classes.

Hence the order of the Patrons of Husbandry, the natural outgrowth of the isolated agricultural societies which for years have been sowing broadcast the seeds for the appearance of this precise organization. It was time to unify and concentrate the elements of agricultural life, and give these effective direction and force.

The great agricultural community, on whom confessedly rest all the other interests of society, had long been the mere hunting ground for the trafficing spirits, and had been compelled to admit to injustice, and to give up its advantage whenever greed formed a resolution to prey upon the resources.

The establishment of the system of granges terminates this thing forever. The grange is not political, not mercenary, not leveling at revolutionary.

It is, on the contuary, thoroughly conservative in spirit, aggressive only so far as is necessary for self-protection, and jealous of the interests which have hitherto been left almost alone to themselves.

It offers a long-needed shield against frauds and impositions, so that it will hereafter be impossible for farmers to be deceived in the character of agricultural agents which are offered to their patronage, by furnishing a fixed standard, which all such objects will have to respond to. In this one particular it furnishes a break-water to disarm the waves of outside combination, and leave agriculture to the rightful possession and enjoyment of its own profits. Only what is worthy is to receive recognition, and the farming fraternity becomes the more elevated by the cultivation of a spirit of honor and a habit of lofty self-respect.

All the members of other callings and professions combine for the welfare of their class and bring into the common fund their united experience and influence, thus enablingall of them to reach the highest and best results. Small and insignificant in numbers, as compared with the agricultural classes, capitalists rule the world, not so much on account of their better intelligence, but because they are thoroughly organized; and their organization controls the method by which the wealth of the world is collected, controlled and distributed. However divided the members of this class may be into manufacturers, merchants, bankers, brokers, or transporters, or however sharp the competition between them, the Exchange and Board of Trade make them a unit. There, at high noon, they meet in every city on the globe, with all the appliances at their command that genius has invented or wealth can buy, for rapid communication with the great industrial and commercial centres of the world.

Through these systematic appliances they manipulate the markets, rates of exchange, interest, rents and pay of labor.

It is organization that gives them this mighty power; it is organization which creates such active and intense sympathies between all members of this class, however diverse their occupations; what one feels all feel, what one knows they all know, one instinct seems to fill every mind, and so out of organization comes unity, and out of unity their great power.

The tillers of the soil and their families number just about one-half the entire population of the United States according to the census report of 1870. We have invested in farm property over 7,500,000 dollars. The products of the farms annually are estimated at 1,500,000,000 dollars, yet the capitalist controls this annually added wealth. Farmers, these products are yours—they are the fruits of your labors—to produce them you and your families have endured privations, exposed and toiled beneath the scorching rays of the summer's sun—yet the greedy speculators make more on them than you get for producing them. You take these products and go into market begging for some one to take them, with a humiliating look and bent form, dishonoring the calling which you represent, just for want of an organization to bring your products into the markets. Farmers, look back and see how many sons and daughters have left the farm in disgust, because you have subjected them to such humiliating and cruel treatment. We to-day represent to you an organization that if you will help to build it up will place this $1,500,000,000 of annual added wealth under the control of the producers. Farmers, how can you stand aloof from an organization that will bring you and your families such blessings? Of the 3,000,000 farmers in the United States only 13 or one in every two hundred thousand is in Congress. Of the forty thousand lawyers in the country no less than one hundred and ninety-eight have seats in the national body, or one to nearly two hundred. This disproportioned representation is the great reason that the agricultural interests of our country have not received that amount of legislation necessary to its best interests. Men who know comparatively little of our wants are not just the proper persons to legislate and watch oer the farmers' interests.

The magnitude of the Agricultural interests of a country demands the paternal supervision of its government, as well as the respectful consideration of all its citizens. It might spread over our wide domain, as it were broadcast, the illumination of science relating to this subject. It might import improved breeds of farm animals to be gratuitously placed on our experimental farms, the produce of these animals held within the reach of small operators as well as of the rich. Such a paternal agency in our national and state government would raise American agriculture to its proper elevation which would add much to our national wealth, independence and aggrandizement. Women are admitted to full membership in our order, and we solicit the cooperation of women because of a conviction that without their aid, our success would be less certain and decided. If for no other reason owing to the cooperative feature in our order we could not do with out her—her superior skill and knowledge in the selection of articles of merchandise makes her an essential to the grange. And where is there a husband or brother that would deny his wife or sister the pleasure, relaxation and amusement afforded by the Grange, by giving her an opportunity of commingling at stated times with neighbors and friends. The grange is the only place that has ever offered her such grand and glorious privileges. There are those who say that the order of Patrons is colapsing, and that cooperation in buying and selling is a failure—farmers be not deceived. An order with 25,000 granges and 2,000,000 members, to which accessions are being steadily made at the rate of 400 granges, with at least 18,000 members, every calender month of the year, which has saved to its members at least 50,000,000 dollars thus far, which has $17,000,000 invested in business operations, and which is daily increasing the sphere of there operations, can scarcely be said to be colapsing.

In Penna. the organization has grown from 100 granges one year ago to 575 at the present time, and from a membership, of 2500 then to a membership of 25,000 now. We have also established our own State business agency which is paid by the State Grange through whom we can make all our purchases at *retail* at wholesale prices *free of* commission, thus centralizing the trade of Patrons of the entire State. This agency has received the popular approval of the entire order, and as a consequence, the first six weeks after its organization received and filled orders for 175 granges, amounting to over $2,000 saving to the members of the order in Penna. not less than $4,000. It is now evident that our state agent will be called upon to transact business for the Patrons of not less than a quarter of a million of dollars per annum and that the amount saved each year will reach at least $50,000. The orders now in the hands of the State business agent are comparatively insignificant to what they will be when Patrons learn from experience the advantage of consolidating their purchases through his department. He can then make the precentage of saving very much greater; for he can then demonstrate to the wholesale dealers, importers and manufacturers, that the trade is vastly greater than any other business firm or combination. We will then be offered better rates than are now given to middlemen and agents. There are over 25,000 Patrons of Husbandry in Penna. and over 100,000 men, women and children directly interested in the order. Nearly 2,000,000 adults belong to thegrange in the U. S., and 8,000,000 men, women and children are directly interested in its success. What a responsibility rests upon the officers of the United States, and what a glorious volume of praise will encircle around them from their 8,000,000 farmers, their wives and children, if they to their end but carry out the good principles for which the order is striving. Farmers, you and your wives are not alone needed in this organization, but we want your sons and daughters. Here they are raised to true manhood and womanhood, educated to business, and step upon a higher plain of usefulness. You may perhaps plead that you can not afford to bring all your family into this organization; well you cannot afford to let them go to the drinking saloons, gambling resorts and other places of dissipation, or perhaps leave the farm without any fixed purpose in life. But, they will go to some place for enjoyment, and it will cost you vastly more in grief and in money than to bring them into the grange, where they will sparkle forth like shining diamonds if you but give them opportunity.

Farmers arouse from your lethargy and work hard to build up your own organization. Three millions of farmers are a power in the land, and when added to the good and true men of this nation, will be a power that is irresistible and overwhelming.

We say again, farmers, work; work and continue to build up and cement your organization. The outlook for the farmer is indeed more hopeful. If in a few years the voice of the enlightened agriculturalist is not the voice of the nation, the fault will be your own; for nothing but division and want of organization can defeat such a consummation.

OUT FOR CANADA.—Hons. C. A. Mayer and L. A. Mackey left Lock Haven Tuesday morning on a trip to Canada, intending to explore the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. It is probable they will join a national fishing excursion, which is to meet at the lake of the Thousand Islands this week, and return shortly as champion fishermen.—[Clinton Democrat.]

Dauchy & Co.,

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT VEGETINE.

SOUTH BOSTON, May 9, 1870.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:

Dear Sir—I have had considerable experience with the Vegetine. For dyspepsia, general debility, and impure blood, the Vegetine is superior to anything which I have ever used. I commenced taking Vegetine about the middle of last winter, and, after using a few bottles, it entirely cured me of dyspepsia, and my blood never was in so good condition as at the present time. It will afford me pleasure to give any further particulars relative to what I know about this good medicine to any one who will call or address me at my residence, 586 Athens street. Very respectfully,

MONROE PARKER,
386 Athens street.

DYSPEPSIA.

SYMPTOMS—Want of appetite, rising of food and wind from the stomach, acidity of the stomach, heartburn, dryness and whiteness of the tongue in the morning, sense of distension in the stomach and bowels, sometimes rumbling and pain; costiveness, which is occasionally interrupted by diarrhœa; paleness of the urine. The mouth is clammy, or has a sour or bitter taste. Other frequent symptoms are waterbrash, palpitation of the heart, headache, and disorders of the senses, as seeing double, etc. There is general debility, languor and aversion to motion; dejection of the spirits, disturbed sleep, and frightful dreams.

GAINED FIFTEEN POUNDS OF FLESH

SOUTH BERWICK, Me., Jan. 17, 1872.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:

Dear Sir—I have had dyspepsia in its worst form for the last ten years, and have taken hundreds of dollars' worth of medicine without obtaining any relief. In September last I commenced taking the Vegetine, since which time my health has steadily improved. My food digests well, and I have gained fifteen pounds of flesh. There are several others in this place taking the Vegetine, and all have obtained relief. Yours Truly,

THOMAS E. MOORE,
Overseer of card room, Portsmouth Co.'s Mills.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.

If Vegetine will relieve pain, cleanse, purify, and cure diseases, restoring the patient to perfect health after trying different physicians, many remedies, suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? Why is this medicine performing such great cures? It works in the blood, in the circulating fluid. It can truly be called the *Great Blood Purifier.* The great source of disease originates in the blood; and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention.

GOOD EVIDENCE.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 26, 1872.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—The two bottles of Vegetine furnished me by your agent, my wife has used with great benefit. For a long time she has been troubled with dizziness and costiveness; these troubles are now entirely removed by the use of Vegetine.

She was also troubled with dyspepsia and general debility, and has been greatly benefitted.

THOMAS GILMORE,
229½ Walnut Street.

RELIABLE EVIDENCE.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I will most cheerfully add my testimony to the great number you have already received in favor of your great and good medicine, Vegetine, for I do not think enough can be said in its praise, for I was troubled over thirty years with that dreadful disease, catarrh, and had such bad coughing spells that it would seem as though I could never breatheany more, and Vegetine has cured me; and I do feel to thank God all the time that there is so good a medicine as Vegetine, and I also think it one of the best medicines for coughs and weak sinking feelings at the stomach, and advise everybody to take the Vegetine, for I can assure them that it is one of the best medicines that ever was. MRS. L. GORE,
Corner Magazine and Walnut Sts., Cambridge, Mass.

APPRECIATION.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS., March 19, 1869.

H. R. STEVENS:

This is to certify that I have used your "Blood Purifyer" (Vegetine) in my family for several years, and think that, for scrofula or cankerous humors or rheumatic affections, it cannot be excelled; and as a blood purifier and spring medicine it is the best thing I ever used; and I have used almost everything. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one in need of such a medicine. Yours Respectfully,

MRS. A. A. DINSMORE,
19 Russell Street.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.
vol7-no30-4t

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PETERSON'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE, FOR SEPTEMBER.—The interesting serial, "The Deserted Husband," is continued in this number—there being the six chapters of "The Secret Society," "The Cat at work," "Entanglements," "A Fascinating Wooer," "The Bird Flown," and "In the Name of the Carbonari!" What appears to be a forged letter seems now to have separated in spirit as well as in person, the young bride from her husband; while the introduction of a fascinating young Roman Catholic Southerner to the so-thought discarded wife, brings a new element of complication upon the scene. The young husband meanwhile seems to be most determined and devoted in his search for the missing lady, and seeks aid from those old foes of the Romish Church, the Carbonari, and the new societies of that period, the "Native American." Altogether the plot is getting pretty well mixed up. This number also contains the usual fine assortment of short stories and poetry, with a number of pithy articles under the head of "Topics of the Times"—including "The Ohio Election," "Great Surgical Operations," "In a Nutshell," "Hard Money," "Taking Iron," "Religious Fanaticism," "Butler on Contraction," "The Public Schools," "Repudiation," "Gleanings," etc. Terms: $2.00 a year. Two copies, $3.00, postage prepaid. Single numbers, 25 cents. Address H. PETERSON & Co., 920 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

——Public examinations of teachers for the various districts will be held as follows:

Philipsburg and Rush—Philipsburg, Saturday, August 28.
Snow Shoe and Burnside—Snow Shoe, Friday, Sept. 3.
Unionville and Union.—Unionville, Saturday, Sept. 11.
Milesburg and Boggs—Milesburg, Saturday, Sept. 25.
Howard and Curtin, Howard, Monday, Sept. 27.
Taylor and Worth—Port Matilda, Tuesday, Sept. 28.
Huston—Julian Furnace, Wednesday, Sept. 29.
Liberty—Eagleville, Thursday, Sept. 30.
Marion—Jacksonville, Friday, Oct. 1.
Walker—Hublersburg, Monday, Oct. 4.
Spring—Valentine's School-house, Tuesday Oct. 5.
Benner—Armagast's School-house, Wednesday, Oct. 6.
Patton—Waddle's School-house, Thursday, Oct. 7.
Halfmoon—Stormstown, Friday, Oct. 8.
Ferguson—Pine Grove, Saturday, Oct. 9.
Harris—Boalsburg, Monday, Oct. 11.
Potter—Centre Hall, Tuesday, Oct. 12.
Gregg—Penn Hall, Wednesday, Oct. 13.
Penn.—Millheim, Thursday, Oct. 14.
Haines—Aaronsburg, Friday, Oct. 15.
Miles—Rebersburg, Saturday, Oct. 16.

Techers are required to be examined in the districts in which they expect to teach. Examination to begin at 9 A. M.

H. MEYER, County Supt.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—The will of Mary K. Taylor, late of Unionville having been admitted to probate, letters testamentary thereunto have been issued to the undersigned, of which all persons interested will please take notice.

R. F. LEATARDS,
vol 7 no 33-6t CHRISTAIN BUCK.

Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, August 25, 1875.

We have no increase in the volume of business to report, although the attendance at Court is up to the average. Our merchants are making all endeavors to confine their sales to cash or short time credits. The old *regime* of long or indefinite credits, seems to be abandoned, and every merchant is disposed to fix a time for payment.

WHEAT—There is a limited quantity of new wheat offered at our quotations, but the recent wet weather, or some other phenomena, has caused the new grain to be somewhat soft and mellow, and dealers prefer old wheat at a shade higher price. We heard a person remark a few days ago, that out of a "grist" of new wheat he had received more bran than flour. Owing to the less favorable advices from Europe, prices at the sea-board are receding, and the decline during the last fortnight has been from 10 to 15 cents per bushel, and the market is becoming weak. The probability is that old wheat commands a higher price now than it will a few weeks hence, as we have heard from 5 to 10 cents more per bushel bid for old than is now offered for new wheat.

In corn and rye there is nothing doing.

OATS—There is some demand for oats, and it is feared that the recent rains have injured the late crop very materially. This is the third successive crop that has been damaged by the rain during the harvesting, and the consequence is, that the supply of our county product is entirely exhausted. We suppose that the oats which has been housed dry will be in demand and bring remunerative prices.

White Wheat per bushel	$1 19
Red, wheat	1 10
Rye per bushel	90
Corn, ears	65
Corn, shelled	70
Oats	60
Flour, retail per barrel	6 00
Flour, wholesale	5 50
HAY AND STRAW.	
Hay choice timothy per ton	$25 00
Hay Mixed per ton	20 00
STRAW FOR GLASS WORKS.	
Oat straw for packing per ton	10 00
Wheat straw, short per ton	8 00
STRAW AT PAPER MILL.	
Long rye straw, bundled per ton	11 00
Short straw per ton	8 00

Provision Market.

Corrected Weekly by Brew & Son.

Apples, dried, per lb	10
Apples per bus	75
Peaches, dried, per lb	15
Cherries, dried, per lb	8
Beans per quart	10
Fresh Butter lb	20
Chickens, per piece	25
Turkeys, per lb	10
Cheese per lb	22
Hams per lb	18
Bacon	14@13
Sides	11
Lard per lb	18
Eggs per doz	15
Tallow, per pound	6
Potatoes per bushel new	50
Dried Beef	25
Beef by the side	6
Cod Fish per lb., Boneless	12½
Cod Fish, whole	6
Canned Tomatoes, per can	20
Oranges per doz	100

LIST of Patents issued to inventors of Pennsylvania, excepting Phila., for the week ending Aug. 14, 1875, and each dated July 26, 1875. Furnished this paper by Cox & Cox, Solicitors of Patents, Washington, D. C.

Rolls for Rolling Round Iron Bars, J Helm, Allegheny
Locomotive Smoke Stack, N Irving, Susquehanna
Grain Separator, J Johnson, Towanda
Churn, D Rowland, Pittsburgh
Hinges, C Scholl, Mt Joy
Grate, J Baum, Freeland
Wall Paper Exhibitor, W Harzard, Easton
Hasp Lock, J Lachler, Erie
Cutter-Heads for Cutting and Moulding Machines, G Shummer, Milton
Mineral Crusher, J Blake, Sewickley
Nursery Chair, J Downing, Erie
Dish Washing Machine, H Hall, Tioga
Tile Machine, R Hoffheitu, York
Curtain Fixture, D Knight and J Ripple, Waynesborough
Frying Pan, A Malin, Derby
Dental Plugger, A Polk, Milesburg
Hand Truck, B Platt, Le Raysville
Device for Adjusting Millstones and Spindles, S Whitaker, Reading
Railroad Car Spring, J Wotten, Reading
" " " "

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing, carrying away or meddling in any manner, with all the late personal property of Isaac Miller, including grain in barn and in the ground, and one acre of potatoes, purchased by me at a sheriff's sale, held on the 16th day of August, 1875, the same being in the custody of said Miller, until I shall see fit to remove them.

no25-6t A. S. VALENTINE.

Price, Twenty-five Cents.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

NINETY-EIGHTH EDITION.

Containing a complete list of all the towns in the United States, the Territories and the Dominion of Canada, having a population greater than 5,000 according to the last census, together with the names of the newspapers having the largest local circulation in each of the places named. Also, a catalogue of newspapers which are recommended to advertisers as giving greatest value in proportion to prices charged. Also, all newspapers in the United States and Canada printing over 5,000 copies each issue. Also, all the Religious, Agricultural, Scientific, and Mechanical, Medical, Masonic, Juvenile, Educational, Commercial, Insurance, Real Estate, Law, Sporting, Musical, Fashion, and other special class Journals; very complete lists. Together with a complete list of over 3,000 German papers printed in the United States. Also, an essay on advertising; many tables of rates, showing the cost of advertising in various newspapers, and everything which a beginner in advertising would like to know.

Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 41 Park Row, New York.
v7-3m

TASTELESS MEDICINES.

A prominent New York physician lately complained to DUNDAS DICK & CO. about their Sandalwood Oil Capsules, stating that sometimes they cured miraculously, but that a patient of his had taken them without effect. On being informed that several imitations were sold, he inquired and found his patient had not been taking DUNDAS DICK & CO'S.

What happened to this physician may have happened to others, and DUNDAS DICK & CO. take this method of protecting physicians, druggists and themselves, and preventing Oil of Sandalwood from coming into disrepute.

PHYSICIANS who once prescribe the Capsules will continue to do so, for they contain the Pure Oil in the **best and cheapest** form.

DUNDAS DICK & CO. use more Oil of Sandalwood than all the Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Perfumers in the United States combined, and this is the sole reason why the **pure oil** is sold Cheaper in their Capsules than in any other form.

OIL OF SANDALWOOD is fast superseding every other remedy, sixty Capsules only being required to insure a safe and certain cure in six or eight days. From no other medicine can this result be had.

DUNDAS DICK & CO.'S SOFT CAPSULES solve the problem, long considered by eminent physicians, of how to avoid the nausea and disgust experienced in swallowing, which are well known to detract from, if not destroy, the good effects of many valuable remedies.

Soft Capsules are put up in tin foil and neat boxes, thirty in each, and are the only Capsules prescribed by physicians.

Tasteless Medicines.—Castor Oil and many other nauseous medicines can be taken easily and safely in **Dundas Dick & Co's Soft Capsules. No taste. No smell.**

☞ These were the only Capsules admitted to the last Paris Exposition.

Send for circular to 39 Wooster Street, N. Y.

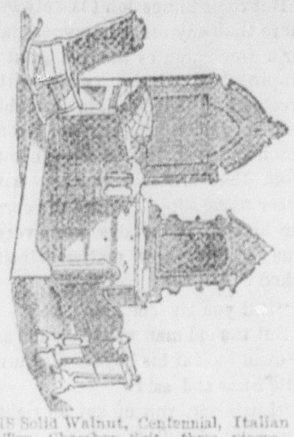
☞ **Sold at all Drug Stores Here.**

v7-6m

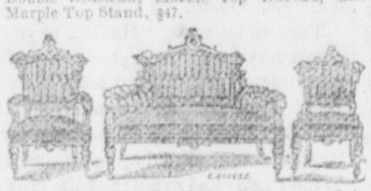
Miscellaneous.

CENTENNIAL. CENTENNIAL.

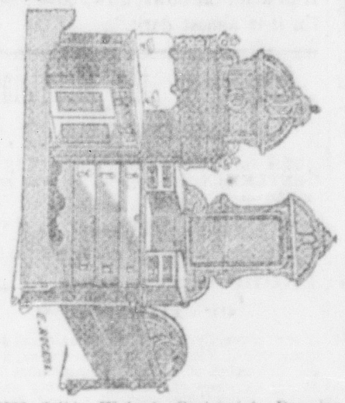
GOULD & CO., N. E. Corner Market and Ninth Street, 242 and 244 South Second Street, 37 and 39 North Second Street, Philadelphia.



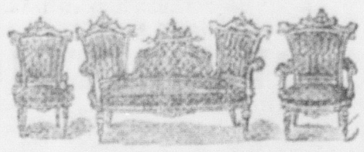
THIS Solid Walnut, Centennial, Italian Marble Top Chamber Suit, three pieces, viz: Double Bedstead, Marble Top Bureau, and Marble Top Stand, $47.



THIS Solid Walnut Parlor Suit, covered in Hair-cloth, or any color wool Terry, seven pieces, $75.



THIS Solid, Walnut, Centennial, Dressing Case Chamber Suit, three pieces, viz: Double Bedstead, Marble Top Dressing Case, Marble Top Washstand, only $60.



THIS Fine Walnut Parlor Suit, covered in Hair-cloth or wool Terry, any color, seven pieces, $145.

We will ship the above Suits to any address on reciept of price named. No charge for packing. For $8.25, FOUR WALNUT CANE SEAT CHAIRS, ONE WALNUT CANE SEAT ROCKER, and ONE WALNUT TOWEL RACK, will be sent with either Chamber Suit. SOLID BLACK WALNUT WARDROBES, 8 feet high, $22.50. Solid BLACK WALNUT SECRETARY BOOK CASES, 7½ feet high, $23.50. All other kinds of **Chamber** or **Parlor Furniture** equally reduced in price. The choicest patterns of **Carpets** sold at manufacturers' prices. Bedding in every variety. Name the price of any article of Furniture you may need, and we will send photograph.

32-12w

——Quotations of WHITE, POWELL & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 42 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 23, 1875

	BID.	ASKED
U. S. 1881, c	51½	52
" 5-20, c '62, M. and N	15	
" " " '64, " "	16	16¼
" " " '65, " "	18¼	18¼
" " " '65, J. and J	18¼	18¼
" " " '67, " "	20¾	20¾
" " " '68, " "	20¾	20¾
" 10-40, coupon	18¾	18¾
" Pacific 6's '87	23	23¼
New 5's, Reg. 1881	16¾	16¾
" " c. 1881	16¾	16¾
Gold	113¼	113¾
Silver	107	109
Pennsylvania	50¾	50¾
Reading	16½	16½
Philadelphia & Erie	20¾	20¾
Lehigh Navigation	51½	51¾
" Valley, Ex. Div	62¼	63
United R. R. of N. J	120	120¾
Oil Creek	9¾	9¾
Northern Central	49½	50
Central Transportation	46¾	46¾
Nesquehoning	56	56¾
C. & A. Mortgage 6's, '82	104	104¾

DR. KEYSER

Has examined more lungs, and treated more cases of Pulmonary and Chronic diseases successfully, than any man in Western Pennsylvania. His lung examinations embrace not only hundreds, but in the last 35 years he has listened to and treated over 20,000 cases of Lung Diseases. Pamphlets sent Free. Address,

DR. KEYSER,
32-42 120 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—There are large numbers of Deeds, or title papers, on file in the Recorder's office, the accumulation of years, which it may be much to the advantage of parties interested to repossess without delay. Indeed many of these papers are imperfect and incomplete, and so noted by the Recorder. All deeds, mortgages, etc., on file, upon which the State tax and Recorder's fees remain unpaid, ought to be, and must be, promptly attended to by the parties interested, to avoid the costs which will necessarily accrue, on further neglect.

I. I GRENOBLE,
Recorder's Office } Recorder.
Bellefonte, July 27, 1875. }

BUSINESS NOTICES.

E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON.

The great success and delight of the people. In fact, nothing of the kind has ever been offered to the American people which has so quickly found its way into their good favor and hearty approval as E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. It does all it proposes, and thus gives universal satisfaction. It is guaranteed to cure the worst case of dyspepsia or indigestion, kidney or liver disease, weakness, nervousness, constipation, acidity of the stomach, etc. Get the genuine. Only sold in $1 bottles. Depot and office, 259 North Ninth St., Philadelphia. Ask for Kunkel's, and take no other. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA! DYSPEPSIA! DYSPEPSIA

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, a sure cure for this disease. It has been prescribed daily for many years in the practice of eminent physicians with unparalleled success. Symptoms are loss of appetite, wind, and rising of food, dryness in mouth, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness and low spirits. Get the genuine. Not sold in bulk, only in $1 bottles. 259 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists. Ask for E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other.

259 TAPE WORM 259

Entirely removed with purely vegetable medicine, passing from the system alive. No fee unless the head passes. Come and refer to patients treated. Dr. E. F. Kunkle, No. 259 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. Advice free. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed. Never fails. For removing all kinds but Tape Worm, the medicine can be had of your druggist. Ask for Kunkel's Worm Syrup. Price, $1. For Tape Worm, the patient must come on and have it removed 7-29-4t

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH
ROWELL & CHESMAN Advertising Agents,
[3RD & CHESTNUT STS., ST. LOUIS, MO

MEDICAL.

CHEROKEE REMEDY.

THE GREAT INDIAN DIURETIC.
INFINITELY SUPERIOR TO BUCHU.

Nine tenths of the human family suffer, directly or indirectly, at one time or other, from diseases or irregularities of the generative system, while the victims of indiscretion, and of quack treatment, are comparatively numerous.

The idea that patients cannot treat themselves successfully in these cases, has long ago been exploded. A good and reliable medicine, prepared by an experienced physician, from the original Indian Recipe, that is guaranteed to effect a

SPEEDY AND RADICAL CURE,

can be as safely relied upon as the prescription of the most skillful practitioner. Such a medicine is the celebrated

CHEROKEE REMEDY.

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE—The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas, of Centre County, to make distribution of the money arising from the sale of the real estate of Samuel Pamler and wife, to and amongst those legally entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte, on Monday, the 16th day of August, 1875, at 2 o'clock p. M., when and where all persons interested are requested to attend. ADAM HOY,
Auditor.

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Agricultural.

Lime as Manure.

Prof. George H. Cook delivered a lecture on this subject recently at Newton, N. J., in which he took the ground that lime is the most essential of the artificial manures. He spoke first of the great necessity for more care in saving and making barnyard manures. He showed that—

"There is a great loss by allowing cattle to run at large, instead of taking care of them. It would really seem that there ought to be a society to offer large premiums to the farmers who would do the most at accumulating manure to enrich their ground. I cannot think of anything that would yield larger profit, though perhaps it would not be as interesting to many as some of the premiums offered for stock or something which makes more immediate good appearance.

"But after all this has been done, there still remains room for fertilizers of other kinds. It should never be forgotten that the first and best of manure is that which is to be got from the droppings of animals, and the black dirt and the muck and everything of that sort you can get. But after you have done all that, there is, I say, room for a good deal more. Of all artificial fertilizers used for a great length of time, lime has been the most generally used and it appears as though it were the most essential. Within the past year I have had occasion to examine all the soils of the State—some of them here on the slate, some on the limestone, some of our red shales down in the central part of the State some on the marls, and some in the southern part of the State .And everywhere, where there is a soil which has a moderate amount of lime in it, there is a soil which is good now, and which is capable of easy improvement; and on the contrary, in the few cases where there is a soil without any lime in it, there you will find a soil without anything growing on it whatever. And where there is the most lime in it, there the soil is most productive, and seems indeed almost inexhaustible. They raise crops year after year, and light as the soil appears, it does not fail. The lime is there, and in some way or other it seems to keep up the fertility of the soil. They raise good corn and fair crops of wheat, and good crops of clover, and anything they choose to cultivate, and they raise it in the easiest way imaginable. It is found in all cases that if lime is thrown on the ground—fine slack lime— that the grass immediately begins to grow, and that it grows thicker in the bottom as well. This happens almost everywhere."

He then went on to explain the action of lime upon the soil and crops. On black, mucky, sour soils, lime seems to hasten the decay of the vegetable matter, preventing the formation of acidity (so called) usually found in such soils, and making them sweet and healthful to grain or root crops. Lime reacts on the soil, rendering insoluble salts of potash and soda soluble and available for plant groth. Lime is the most powerful agent known in causing various elements in the soil to dissolve more rapidly.

"Now a few words as to what lime is. The lime what we think or ordinarily when the word is mentioned and nothing said about it, is burned in the kiln and brought away; we speak of it sometimes as stone lime, that is, the original stone which has been burned until it has lost half its weight—still the same shape as before it was burned, but only a little more than half as heavy, and a little lighter in color, while the dust from it has a sharp and peculiar smell. You throw water on it and it absorbs the water and soon begins to swell and falls into a dry, white powder. This we call slack lime, and when we weigh the slack lime we find it weighs one-third more than before we slacked it, which measures from one to three times as much, according to the purity of the limestone from which it was burned. We call that lime, and we do not ordinarily make any clear distinction whether it is slacked or unslacked. We say stone lime when it is not slacked, and slacked lime when it has water on it, both are the same in quality. They are caustic—taste them with your tongue and they are alkaline, and form apparently a sal of soap upon the tongue. You know if quick lime is allowed to remain on the skin for a time it takes off the moisture so that the skin cracks and is injured. Throw it on dark colored cloth or leather and they change color, and it has very active properties indeed. But if you let it lie a little time, it loses those qualities. It is not so active as caustic, and if you let it stand for a considerable length of time, it increases in weight, absorbs carbonic acid from the air and finally loses all the active properties it had at first. Take, for instance, whitewash; the lime is slacked in water and then made up thin into a kind of wash and if you dried it, it would have all the caustic properties of the lime. But when you spread it on the wall and let it stay there for twenty four hours, or longer, you will find it has absorbed a larger quantity of carbonic acid, and is not so active as before. You touch it with the skin and it does no harm, and it no longer affects the color of cloth or leather; it is changed. Now sometimes you like to have that sort of lime. Men who want to try to let the lime air slack, that is, they take the lime and put it into little piles to slack itself, when it undergoes this alteration of which I have spoken, and to a great extent its propensities are neutralized. So much for those two kinds of lime, and it is a little difficult to tell which is the best.

"Let me now speak to you about the method of using lime. Where I have seen it used in this country, it seems to be the custom to spread it on the land after it had been plowed up, and early in the season I have seen the ground white with lime. I went to inquire of an old gentleman in our neighborhood how he liked it best: he said he found the best way was to haul it in the fall and spread it on the sod which he intended to plow up in the spring. He said this did him more good than to spread it on the ground after it had been plowed up. Other men have told me that the best way is to spread it on the stubble after yon have got the wheat. Then it will do more good to the grass and clover that is to follow it, and if you continue to lime your pasture or meadow lands, they will be sweet, free from sorrel, and bringing out the different kinds of grass that are of most value either for mowing or for pasture, in greater strength and fullness than you can get in any other way.

"But if you are not satisfied with the effect of the lime in that way, you can go and try it in the ways you are more accustomed to already—on the raw ground for corn, for wheat or for oats. I should say, though, that the experiments with lime for oats are unfavorable, and I doubt whether a crop of oats is increased by the use of lime. For barley, however, you cannot put too much lime on the soil; the better the ground is limed, the heavier the crop.

I speak with a good deal of confidence upon this subject, for I have seen the value of lime in other places; I must, however, qualify my advice a little, because lime does not act in the same way always, even upon the same soil. I would not, therefore, advise any farmer to undertake an experiment with it on a large scale at first. But I would like to see fifty or a hundred farmers try a little and see if it does them good. Try it at first on the surface of the ground, and I am sure you would get some sort of a return that would induce you to make a farther experiment. If it does not succeed in the spring, try it in the fall, say twenty to fifty bushels on your dry land, and if your ground is wet you can put on twice as much without hurting it at all."

In the discussion that followed, 30 or 40 bushels per acre was stated to be about the right quantity. The greatest benefit of lime is derived from its perfect pulverization and even spreading over the soil. It should never be composited with yard manure unless an absorbent for the ammonia is put thickly over the heap. Lime lightens heavy soils and makes sandy soils heavier. Its effects are seen for many years; once in eight or ten years is often enough for an application. It should be spread as fine as ashes. It should never be allowed to get too wet, so that it goes on in lumps. But as to whether it should be put on at one time or another, depends a little on the convenience of the farmer, and perhaps, on the state of the ground. He must, however, be sure that he gets it so perfectly fine that it spreads everywhere.

A Pan Dowdy.—Did you ever hear of a pan dowdy? It is an old-fashioned New England dish and has a flavor of our grandmother's cookery. Make a rich crust—line a deep earthen pot with it; now slice some pie apples for the first layer; strew the apples with molassas and spice and a tablespoonful of milk; cover with a thin crust and repeat the process. Cover the top with crust and your pan dowdy is made. Bake in a slow oven. A brick one is used in New England generally. When done, turn it out on a platter and serve hot.

Miscellaneous.

Convention of Mountain Rangers.

Camp Snattlerake, Bear Meadows, Pheasant Co., Pennsyltucky, Monday, July 26, 1875.

Delegates come in slowly. The express train from the Branch arrived at 11 A. M., bringing house provisions, etc.; also G. W. and C. Fortney, H. Frank, John Hess, and K. Michael. The delegation from Pine Grove, consisting of J. L. Musser, J. F. Kreps, C. E. Hay, and K. Walch, afraid to travel behind the fast engine of the Branch express, arrived behind an old mare at 1 P. M. The afternoon was devoted to an informal but prolonged discussion of the bread-baskets, which was interrupted at 7 P. M. by the sharp whistle of the evening mail train from the east. This train carried S. Barney, M. Dolly, and Rev. Shannon, of Milroy, and Rev. Blackwelder, of Mifflin. Dr. Zeigler, of Selinsgrove, was attached in front as cow-catcher, and Father Myers, of Milroy, was hitched behind to push the train over the hills,

First session, 9 P. M.

Convention called to order by Brother Kreps. The next to the oldest was elected President, and the next to the youngest, Secretary. On Motion of Rev. Shannon, all human laws were suspended, and the State of Pennsyltucky declared free and independent. By general consent, fifteen minutes were devoted to relating adventures by the way.

Dr. Z. graphically described the spreading of the table by his squad in the middle of the road. Bros. Hess and Fortney tremblingly repeated the graceful motions of their little game with a rattlesnake, and Bro. Musser produced the rattle of its mate, captured two miles on the other side of camp. The former, paralyzed by Fortney's furious assault, was easily managed with a sharp stick, but the latter required two bullets and a big stone. Bro. Musser had stuck in the creek, Bro. Hay in the laurel, Michael and Frank at the ford, while Bro. Kreps had measured himself in the swamp.

After a contest for the championship in telling snake stories and long yarns, participated in by Dr. Z. and Bros. Musser, Kreps, and Hess, and the singing of several hymns by Rev. Shannon, the convention closed with prayer by Rev. Blackwelder.

Special session in Ard's Hall—10 to 12 P. M.

Convention disorderly; President asleep; Secretary engaged in vain attempt to hold Krep's tongue. The brethren at other end made unsuccessful chase after Fortney's rattle. After some anecdotes that would not look well in print, eight of the members left for dreamland, leaving Fortney and Kreps disputing for the floor. Upon returning at daylight, we found the discussion still in progress. Dr. Ziegler finally discharged his double-barrel between the combatants and frighted them into silence.

Tuesday, July 27.

First session, 5:30 A M.

Toilets arranged in Blackwelder's barber-shop. Hess and Blackwelder were appointed permanent cooks, at a salary of two cents a meal. More snake stories. Visitors from Stone Valley, spying for mutton. On motion of the President, convention adjourned till noon for active operations. These consisted mainly in a squirrel hunt. The whole party, armed with six guns, gave chase to a piney, treed him in a tamrack, sent half a dozen loads after him, then dispatched Fortney to the top, and after twenty-five minutes patient watching, generously voted Bunny his liberty. On the return march, a grand huckleberry expedition was encountered, whose empty buckets consoled us for the condition of our game bags. There were a number of ladies in the party, and Hay conveniently lost himself, finding this a fair excuse for joining the Petticoat Brigade. We had scarcely arrived in camp when we were visited by a heavy thunder shower. It was with difficulty that we recognized our huckleberry friends in a line of drowned rats that soon after filed past, while Hay prudently approached from the opposite side of camp.

Second session, 1 P. M.

After dinner on roast potatoes, with "Streisguth on Materialism" for dessert, grand grasshopper hunt in the meadows. Convention separated to spend the afternoon as independent scouts. The result was a supper gathered from earth, air, and water. Bros. Shannon, Blackwelder, Musser, and the Dr., taking scent of a bear, closed in upon him at about the same time, but he opened his mouth so wide that they, although well armed, fled to camp without discharging a shot. He was killed by a stranger, who allowed our valiant hunters the privilege of examining the body. It measured more than six feet in length, and the whole party combined could not raise it from the ground. Fortney, Jr., having gone far down the meadows, was prevented from turning by the length of his gun, and compelled to back into camp.

Third session, 8 P. M.

Visitors from Stone Valley, Messrs. Hunter, Myers, and Wilson. Discussion:—"Proofs of Divine Origin of the Bible." Bear and fish stories for an hour. Discussion:—"Causes of Infidelity." Exegesis of Matt. x:28, and the preamble of the Laborers in the Vineyard. Evening worship, conducted by Rev. Shannon. On motion of the President, resolved to adjourn at one o'clock. Music by choir, with occasional assistance from audience. Affecting temperance stories by Revs. Shannon and Blackwelder. Ministers' jokes. Adjourned.

Wednesday, July 28, 6 a. m.

Rain for three hours; practical discussion of ham and eggs; scientific discussion of "Saltness of the Sea" and "Theory of Artesian Wells;" music by choir; President sleeping under the influence of "etcetera," which he applied by mistake to the back of his neck.

The members from Pine Grove and the Branch having taken their departure, the remaining members were seized with a panic, and started their train in hot pursuit. Neglecting the switch at Log Station, they met with a serious accident, which insured a *quiet* ride home. Meanwhile the advance train was stopped by Sheriff A. A. Kerlin, with a warrant to arrest the whole party for disorderly conduct. He was, however, soon overpowered and taken into custody by the President, his horse having been confiscated by Rev. Blackwelder. He was released upon parole at Mt. Pleasant, and, in gratitude, piloted the party to the Corduroy Bridge, where, after an affecting parting scene, the convention adjourned to meet at the call of the President.

K. Walch, Sec'y.

Silas Hiving Bees.

How He Expected to Do It, and How He Didn't.

The old gentleman's name is Silas, and that of his eldest son is George; his wife's name is Matilda, and his three pretty daughters are named Helen, Alice and Susie; there is a little Silas too, and an older boy whose name is too queer to mention.

The bees had alighted in a great bunch, as large as a half-bushel measure, on the limb of a peach-tree in the yard. You all know how it is done. A table is placed under the overhanging limb, spread with a clean, white cloth, and the hive placed thereon.

Then one of the boys, one that is good for nothing else, is sent into the tree with a saw to sever the limb; the limb comes down slowly and easily, and the old gent below, dressed in a great coat, buckskin gloves, cowhide boots, and a bed-quilt tied around his neck and face, slyly manipulates a twig from the tree, and in two minutes has safely coaxed every bee to enter the hive, during all of which time Matilda and Helen and Alice and Susie pound the bottoms out of just four tin pans, little Silas does his prettiest yelling, while the boy with the queer name is just old enough to and sharp enough to slip behind the house and wait for the thing to come to a point. That is the way it ought to have gone off; but that isn't the way it did. Silas, the elder, was very comfortably bundled up for so warm a day, and he had his suit well arranged, only he forgot to tie strings around the bottoms of his pants legs.

The bees had settled on the limb of a peach tree, and Silas, when his table and white cloth and hive were all ready, commanded:

"Now, George, grab that old rusty saw and climb; I guess you can cut that small limb off easy enough."

George was just home from a six months' term at school, and he felt a great tenderness for his father, and would have gone through a patch of thistles barefoot to please the old gent, and yet he had a particular dread for the "business end" of a bee, and particularly of such a crowd of them. But he obeyed, and began to fiddle away cautiously upon the particular limb. One little bunch of bees dropped off, and were caged; another and another small bunch dropped, and the prospect seemed good, when suddenly an old honey-maker, who had been in the business before, soared upward. George shut up one eye quick, gave one terrific surge on the old rusty saw, got out of that tree at one jump, and his anxious mother caught one glimpse of him as he flew around the corner of the barn twenty yards away.

But poor old Silas! The bees came down, and he thought the bunch was as big as a hay stack now. They did not go into the hive, but they went through his overcoat and be quilts as if they had been only mosquito bars, and they climed up the inside of his pant legs, and the old gent danced as he had never danced before; and he slapped his legs, as he never allowed any one else to slap them, and his voice towered high above the clatter of the tin pans and the shrieks of little Silas as he yelled:

"Throw water on me! throw water on me! wet me down."

He rolled three or four times over in the grass, and sprang up, shouting, "Slap me! slap me! Can't you slap me?" in the midst of which little Silas crept up behind his infuriated pa and dealt him a lively one with a shingle; but poor little Silas landed the next second against the milk house, for his pa took him and his shingle for a thousand bees, and gently swept them off.

O, the agony of that three minutes jig! He appealed to his wife.

"Matilda, for heaven's sake, bring me another pair of breeches, won't you?"

But these things don't last always, any more than any other happiness, and after a few minutes the old gent came limping out of the cellar with the breeches on that Matilda brought him, feeling much easier, but certainly much fatigued, just as George got back from the barn and the boy with the queer name slipped round the corner of the house. Both boys were very anxious to know how matters stood, and asked:

"Did you git 'em hived, pa?"

But the old man was to mad to answer or even look at his boys. He turned to little Silas and said:

"Little one, you meant all right, and I'm sorry I cuffed you so; next time don't slap so hard."

Then to his wife, "Matilda, to you I owe everything. Accept my heartfelt gratitude. We'll take no more stock in bees. I've made up my mind, and it's settled. May our quiet, peaceful farm house never be stirred up again. Seems to me I never had so much of life crowded into a few short minutes before. Run after the cows, now, boys; be off, for it is almost dark."

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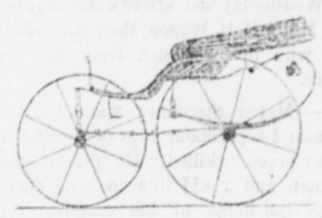

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CAR MANUFACTURING CO.,

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BELLEFONTE

Manufactures and keeps always on hand

WHITE AND YELLOW

PINE FLOORING,

Weather boarding, of various styles,

Sash,
Blinds,
Doors,
Mouldings,
Brackets,

Scroll Sawing of every Description,

and Brackets of all sizes made to order.

Having a

BUCKLEY'S PATENT LUMBER DRYER

Connected with our establishment, we are enabled to manufacture our work from

THOROUGHLY SEASONED LUMBER

Orders from CONTRACTORS, BUILDERS, DEALERS, and the trade generally solicited.

BELLEFONTE CAR MANF'G CO.

5-25-tf. Bellefonte Centre P. O., Pa.

Philadelphia Advertisements

STAIR BUILDER. JOHN E. YEAGER, 318-20-22 & 24 North 9th St., Phila. Hand Railing of every description, Baluster and Newell Posts made to order at lowest prices. 15-12w

FINE BOOTS & SHOES For Gentlemen and Boys, also Riding Leggins at JACOB ZAUN & SON, 905 Arch St., Phila. 15-12w

IRON FENCES. The New Iron Nailed to Iron. The Best Iron Fence in the World, for Lots, Cemeteries, &c. Send for Circular to WICKERSHAM & BRO., 1003 Ridge Ave. Phila. 15-12w

WATCHES & JEWELRY. At the old established Stand of MOORE & BRO. 1031 Market Street, Philadelphia. 15-12w.

TO THE CITIZENS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Your attention is specially invited to the fact that the National Banks are now prepared to receive subscription to the Capital Stock of the Centennial Board of Finance. The funds realized from this source are to be employedin the erection of the buildings for the International Exhibition, and the expenses connected with the same. It is confidently believed that the Keystone State will be represented by the name of every citizen alive to patriotic commemoration of the one hundred birth-day of the nation. The shares of stock are offered for $10 each, and subscribers will recieve a handsomely steel engraved Certificate of Stock, suitable for framing and preservation as a national memorial.

Interest at the rate of six per cent per annm will be paid on all payments of Centenial Stock from date of payment to January 1, 1876.

Subscribers who are not near a National Bank can remit a check or post-office order to the undersigned.

FREDK. FARLEY, Treasurer, 904 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Hotels.

RAIL ROAD HOUSE

Corner Front and Pine Street,

PHILIPSBURG, CENTRE CO., PA.

ROBERT LOYD, Prop'r.

The best of Liquors and Segars constantly on hand. The table is well supplied with the best the market affords. v4n25-1y

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WEST STREET HOTEL.

Nos. 41, 42, 43 and 44 West St., NEW YORK.

A Temperance House, ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

ROOMS 50 and 75 cents per Day; CHARGES very MODERATE. The best meats and vegetables in the market. BEST BEDS in the City. 6-28-1y B. T. BABBITT, Proprietor.

MERCHANTS HOTEL,

CUMMINGS & MAUGLE,

FOURTH ST.

A FEW DOORS ABOVE MARKET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The accomodations at the "Merchants" are first class and prices moderate. 6-9-tf

Boots and Shoes.

LOUIS DOLL,

BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTURER,

HIGH ST., NEXT DOOR TO FELTY'S NEW BUILDING,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Has removed his Store from Felty's building to a new building erected expressly for his own use adjoining his old stand, where he will be pleased to meet his friends.

Repairing neatly and promptly attended to. 6-29-1y

POWERS'

BOOT & SHOE STORE,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

CHEAPEST AND BEST STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

of every description kept in Centre County, and selling at

PANIC PRICES.

FINE AND HEAVY SHOES FOR LADIES.

FINE & HEAVY BOOTS & SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN.

WE DEFY COMPETITION!

either in quality or prices. Call and examine our new stock of Spring and Summer Goods, and you will find it to your advantage. vol7no8-6m

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CAUTION.—NOTICE.—The GENUINE EDITION.

Life and Labors of IVINGSTONE,

(Including the "LAST JOURNALS,") unfolds vividly his 30 years strange adventures, also the curiosities, Wonders and Wealth of that marvelous country, and is absolutely the new, complete work. Hence IT SELLS; just think, 12,000 first 7 weeks, 895 pages, 100 rare Illustrations, only $3.00. Agents wanted. Send for TERMS and POSITIVE proof. HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, 723 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa. 27-4t

Miscellaneous.

KINGSFORD'S OSWEGO PURE AND SILVER GLOSS STARCH,

For the Laundry.

MANUFACTURED BY

T. KINGSFORD & SON.

BEST STARCH IN THE WORLD.

GIVES A BEAUTIFUL FINISH TO THE LINEN, and the difference in cost between it and common starch is scarcely half a cent for an ordinary washing. Ask your grocer for it.

KINGSFORD'S

Oswego Corn Starch,

FOR PUDDINGS, BLANC MANGE,

Ice Cream, &c.

Is the original—Established in 1848. And preserves its reputation as PURER, STRONGER and MORE DELICATE than any other article of the kind offered, either of the same name or with other titles.

STEVENSON MACADAM, Ph. D., &c., the highest chemical authority of Europe, carefully analyzed this Corn Starch, and says it is a most excellent article of diet and in chemical and feeding properties is fully equal to the best arrow root.

Directions for making Puddings, Custards, &c., accompany each one pound package.

For Sale by all First-class Grocers.

24-3m

AMERICAN WASH BLUE,

For Laundry and Household Use,

MANUFACTURED AT THE

American Ultramarine Works,

NEWARK, N. J.

Our Wash Blue is the best in the world. It does not streak, contains nothing injurious to health or fabric, and is used by all large laundries on account of its pleasing effect and cheapness. Superior for whitewashing. Put up in packages convenient for family use. Price 10 cents each.

For sale by grocers everywhere. Always ask for the American Wash Blue, if you want the cheapest and best.

AMERICAN ULTRAMARINE WORKS, Office, 72 William Street New York.

24-3m

ADVERTISING: Cheap: Good: Systematic. All persons who contemplate making contracts with newspapers for the insertions of advertisements, should send 25 cents to Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, New York, for their PAMPHLET-BOOK (ninety-seventh edition), containing lists of over 2,000 newspapers and estimates, showing the cost. Advertisements taken for leading papers in many states at a tremendous reduction from publishers' rates. Get the book. 7-2-1y

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THE BEST

PRAIRIE LANDS IN IOWA AND NEBRASKA,

FOR SALE BY

The Burlington & Missouri River RAILROAD CO.,

On Ten Year's Credit at 6 per cent. Interest.

ONE MILLION ACRES in Iowa and Southern Nebraska.

The finest country in the world to combine Farming and Stock Raising. The SOIL is rich and easily cultivated; CLIMATE warm; SEASONS long; Taxes low and EDUCATION Free. No payments required on principal till FIFTH year, and then ONE-SEVENTH EACH YEAR UNTIL PAID.

LAND EXPLORING TICKETS

Sold at important stations on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, and cost of same refunded when land is bought.

HALF FARE to families of purchase, and LOW FREIGHTS on household goods and farm stock.

TWENTY PER CENT. premium for cultivation.

LARGE DISCOUNT for Cash within one, two and three years.

PRODUCTS WILL PAY FOR LAND AND IMPROVEMENTS LONG BEFORE THE PRINCIPAL BECOMES DUE.

"The so-called destitution in Nebraska lies in the far western region, beyond the lands of the B. & M. R. R. Co."

☞ For circulars that will describe fully these lands, and the terms of sale, apply to or address,

LAND COMMISSIONER, Burlington, Iowa, for Iowa lands, or Lincoln Neb., for Nebraska lands.

or CHAS. S. MOCKS, Lewistown, Pa. 21-3m

Were again awarded the highest premium, over all makers, at the late Franklin Institute Exhibition, and are the only First-class Instruments that can be obtained at Manufacturer's cost prices.

$300

For an Elegant 7⅓ oct. Rosewood Piano. The following are a few of the Principal Medals received.

First Prize Medal, (Franklin Institute,)		1874
" Silver " (Grand Piano)		1855
" Prize " Crystal Palace World Fair N Y		53
" Gold " American Inst., N. Y		1849
" Prize " Maryland Inst., Baltimore		1848
" Silver " Franklin Inst., Phila.		1845

Pianos ordered by mail, are carefully selected, and remittance is not required, until the instrument is received and approved. All our styles and classes, are built of the same excellent material and workmanship. Every instrument is fully guaranteed.

☞ Write or send for illustrated catalogue, and price list, giving full description of styles, prices, etc.

SCHOMACKER PIANO MFG CO., 9-19t Warerooms 1109 Chestnut St., Phila.

LOOK! LOOK!

We have a limited stock of

BILL HEADS

which we will print and sell for

$3 PER THOUSAND, $2 PER FIVE HUNDRED.

Order now. We have only a limited stock at the above price and shall not probably have any more. Send for sample.

REPUBLICAN OFFICE.

Merchant Tailors.

WM. S. TRIPPLE,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

McCAFFERTY'S NEW BUILDING, Opposite Depot.

Has just received a large invoice of GENTLEMENS'

FURNISHING GOODS.

of the latest styles,

FASHIONABLE SUITS MADE TO ORDER AT LOW CASH PRICES.

v5-12-1y

Merchant Tailoring Establishment

NO. 7, BROCKERHOFF'S ROW,

BELLEFONTE PA

THE undersigned takes pleasure in informing the citizens of Centre county and the public generally, that he is just opening a

Splendid and Rich Assortment of Foreign and Domestic

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

AND

VESTINGS,

Which he is prepared make to order in the latest and most fashionable styles, for men or boys. Goods sold by the piece or by the yard. He also keeps on hand a full line o

Gents Furnishing Goods

of every style and variety, consisting of

HATS AND CAPS, STRAW GOODS, MUSLIN OR LINEN SHIRTS, Underclothes for Summer or Winter Wear, Suspenders, Hose, Neck Ties, Collars, both Paper and Linen, Handkerchiefs.

The best manufacture of KID GLOVES—"The Jouvin"—a full assortment of sizes, colors &c., on hand.

JOHN MONTGOMERY, No. 7, Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa. v4n34-1y

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MERCHANT TAILORING.

NO. FOUR BROCKERHOFF ROW,

ALLEGHENY STREET,

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

Just received by

WM. McCLELLAN,

a most complete stock of

CLOTHS,

CASSIMERES

AND VESTINGS;

which he is prepared to make to order in the latest and most fashionable style for men or boys.

Particular attention given to cutting and fitting.

He also keeps on hand a full line of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

of every style and variety, consisting of hats and caps, straw goods, muslin or linen shirts, underclothes for summer or winter wear, suspenders, hose, neck-ties, collars, both paper and linen, handkerchiefs.

The best manufacture of Kid Gloves, a full assortment of sizes, colors, etc., on hand.

WM. McCLELLAN,

No. 4 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa. 5-13—tf

Expresses.

SOLOMON DERR.—Hereby gives notice to his old friends and the business community generally that he has a good team of horses, and that he is prepared at all times to deliver lumber, flour, feed, or baggage, or anything else in his line, to any part of the town or County. Everything committed to his care, will be attended to punctually. 4-28-1y.

ISAAC LOSE Takes this Method to inform his friends and the public generaly that he is prepared to do all kinds of express business and will deliver promptly to any point in Bellefonte or the county anything that may be trusted to his care. Thankful for past favors asks a continuence of public favor. 5-6-1

JNO. D. SOURBECK.

LOCAL EXPRESS.

A local expressing promptly attended to reasonable rates.

Also, proprietor of all the bill boards in town

BILL POSTING A SPECIALTY.

5-16-1y

Shaving Saloons.

M. S. GRAHAM, Fashionable Barber, in Basement of the Conrad House Bellefonte Pa. The best of Razors, sharp and keen, always on hand. He guarantees a SHAVE without either pulling or pain. Perfumery, Hair Oil Hair Restoratives, &c., constantly on hand. WARM AND COLD BATHS. 5-1-tf

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WM. MILLS,

FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.

Pleasant rooms and experienced workmen, Bixby's new building, High Street, Bellefonte, Pa. 5-29-1y

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DR. T. BROWN, NO. 82 SECOND AVENUE, between Wood and Market Streets, Pittsburgh, continues to guarantee his cures in cases of PRIVATE DISEASES. His remedies are prepared by himself. No patient will be sent to a druggist for his medicine. Having had a large experience in a practice of over 20 years, he can insure relief in a few days. Terms low and cures certain. Delicate disease, liver complaint, palpitation of the heart, strictures diseases of the bladder and kidneys, general debility and nervousness yield readily to his treatment. All letters containing a fee or postage stamp promptly answered. 29-6t

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WYOMING SEMI-MONTHLY

LOTTERY

Legalized by the Legislature. Draws on the 15th and 30th of each month. Tickets $1 each, 6 for $5. 1 chance in 5. $200,000 in cash prizes. Capital Prize $50,000. Agents wanted. Particulars. Address J. M. PATTEE, Laramie City, Wyoming. 29-13t

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Lodge Directory.

Bayard Post, No. 96, G. A. R., meets every Monday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Council, No. 270, O. U. A. M., meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade.

Bellefont Lodge, No. 190, K. of P., meets every Friday evening, at their hall, in Meek's Building, opposite the Bush House.

Centre Lodge, No. 153, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening at the Odd Fellow's hall. Degree meetings first Saturday of each month.

Minerva (Rebekah Degree) Lodge, No. 53, meets on the Saturday night next to and immediately before the full of the moon of each month, in Odd Fellow's hall.

Bellefonte Encampment, No. 72, I. O. O. F., meets at the Odd Fellow's hall on the second and fourth Mondays of every month.

Bellefonte Lodge, No. 268, A. Y. M., meets on Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, on or before each full moon, in Masonic Lodge, Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Chapter, 243, R. A. M. meets on Thursday night preceeding the second Friday of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Constans Commandery, No. 3, K. T., meets the second Friday evening of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Bellefonte and County.

——Distinguished visitors, Hon Wm. A. Armstrong, and Judge Linn, were in attendance at court on Monday.

——Our policemen ought to be uniformed, because they might trail each other 'round and think they have a soft thing on a burglar.

——Mayor Sternburg and two other men, may always be found displaying ready-made clothing at Gugenheimeir's store on High street.

——That pleasant little reminiscence, entitled the "*Red-pepper story*," we will publish next week for the benefit of the Democratic candidate for Recorder.

—James T. Hale, Esq., is shortly to remove to New York city to become a partner in a well established, and well known law firm. Success to our brilliant young townsman.

——Col. Josiah Neff, of Potter twp. was appointed Foreman of the Grand Jury on Monday last, and has been discharging the duties of that position in an intelligent and expeditous manner.

——The M. E. Church at Pleasant Gap is being repaired and refitted. The building is to be raised six feet, made ten feet larger and a handsome spire will be added which will be 95 feet high.

——Bellefonte is blest with a circulating library and gift store but Stitzer keeps the only regular book store in the place. He has also a full assortment of Wall-paper, Blanks, Stationary, Croquet Sets, Base Ball Bats, Toys, &c. Call and see his large stock in Brockerhoff Row near the Centre County Bank.

——In the delegate election last Saturday, in the North Ward, in the contest for Treasurer, L. A. Miller received three votes, and George A. Bayard 79, leaving Bayard a majority of 76; therefore Bayard is a '76er.

——Last Sunday was a very dull one in Bellefonte. The churches were poorly attended, and everybody who didn't go to Wayne camp-meeting on the special train, stayed at home giving themselves up to pious reflections.

——Let this fact be well understood in our business community: That a merchant who does not advertise, can no more succeed in drawing custom, than can a young lady without a bustle and a few pounds of false hair, succeed in drawing beaux.

——We did not say so two or three weeks ago, when we ought to, owing to a crowd of other matter, but we write it down to-day, that the Tyrone "Herald" sets up its own outside and has a new head, and we hope the partners will go off ear and ear on the road to fortune

——Bob. Holmes has a notion to run as an independent candidate for Sheriff. Go ahead Robert, nobody has a better right than you. The fact that you were sold out by your opponents, and the threats they make to keep you out of the field, now go to show that they are afraid to have a Democrat stand up and maintain his rights.

——It is surprising the number of tobacco stores there are in Bellefonte. Why, there are five in the Bush House. However, it is generally admitted that tobacco is rather healthy, unless a person eats too much of it between meals. If gently chewed it tones the system and gives a man a chance to spit over his shirt bosom.

——The Centre county Grangers held a meeting in the Court House on last Thursday. As their operations were entirely private we are unable to report anything, excepting the fact, that there were a great many Grangers present and that they compose the representative element of the intelligence and industry of our valleys.

——Hon H. T. Beardsley, District Deputy Grand Master of the Masonic brotherhood, in the jurisdiction composed of Clearfield, Centre and Clinton counties, dedecated the new Masonic lodge, and installed the officers at Centre Hall on Thursday last. There was a large turnout of Masons on the occasion, representatives were present from Clinton and Mifflin counties, in addition to the delegation from Bellefonte. The latter went over in carriages on Thursday morning, and speak in the highest terms of the hospitality extended to them by their brethren of the Valley.

An Unexpected Honor.—On Saturday evening we received, through the post office, an elegantly printed certificate signed by Captain P. B. Wilson, and Orderly Sergeant J. Cal. Brackbill, certifying that we had been elected an "Honorary Member" of company "B" 5th Regt. N. G. Why this honor should have been conferred on us was a hard conundrum; our military service, although most sanguinary and full of hardships, was confined to the brief period of ten days in the fated Somerset region, and, although the regulars presumed to poke fun at us, yet the intelligent masses of the community still believe that we saved that section of the state from devastation, ruin, and unwanted destruction. Notwithstanding these facts, we had no idea that the national guards of the commonwealth, or that portion of them stationd at Bellefonte (where we are best known) were going to confer such an honor on us. We put on our blue suit on Sunday and assumed a martial bearing in keeping we thought, with the dignity of an honorary member of national guards. We felt that there was yet something in life worth living for.

This feeling kept spuring us on to nobler impulses until Monday morning, when we weakened somewhat. We received another notice from a member of the National Guards that we owed them just ten dollars for that harmony membership. Then we pondered over the subject. We are young and have only a comparative acquaintance with deeds of war, which in truth is the pastime of kings and statesmen, but the curse of subjects. We at least should give way to men of more experience. A crown unworthily worn or an honor without possession of merit, is something we have a distaste for. We so informed the N. G.; we are too cowardly to be a soldier, and too honest to accept an honor of such magnitude for the paltry sum of ten dollars. We couldn't do it; we didn't have the heart.

Fire.—The first fire that had destroyed any property for three years past, broke out on Friday night last at about eleven o'clock, in the West ward. The scene of the conflagration was immediately invested by the fire department. It was found that the old engine house of the Snow Shoe Railroad Company, lately occupied as a car shed was in flames. There being but one fire plug in that neighborhood, but one stream was brought to play. The Logan boys, as usual, were on the ground first and securing the water connection, did excellent sevice. It was impossible to save the old engine house or its contents. The fences in the vicinity took fire, as well as the telegraph poles and some out buildings, but these were checked by firemen while the main building burned away. Two cars, one freight, the other one the Snow Shoe excursion car, were destroyed. The building and contents occupied about an hour in consuming, and when the 11,50 P. M. train passed, nothing was left but smouldering ruins. There is no doubt but that it was set on fire, and some young man passing a long the railroad shortly before the fire broke out saw the incendiary tarcing some boards off the side of the building in order to effect an entrance.

——The best five cent cigars in town, at Green's drug store.

Swift Justice.—Two young men, Thomas Laughlin and Michael Kelley, have learned that the vengence of the law is sometimes speedy. These boys broke into the cellar of Mrs. Ettels on Monday morning last, about four o'clock. Becoming alarmed by the cries of the frightened lady, they fled, afterwards proceeding to the saloon of Charley Smith, where they pried a shutter off the window, broke the glass, entered, abstracted a keg of lager beer, and carried it down below Duncan's Foundry to a pile of shingles, where they secreted themselves and the beer. Charley Smith immediately went for policeman Morgan, who found them but refused to take them without a warrant; he agreed that he would hold them there until Smith would get a warrant. While the latter was getting the warrant, the thieves shouldered their keg and, in defiance of the policeman, walked off. About an hour afterwards, they were captured in Armor's woods just outside the limits of the borough, and were soon after lodged in jail. An indictment was sent to the grand jury on Monday afternoon, and a true bill found. About four o'clock of the same day a jury was impaneled and the Sheriff brought the prisoners in for trial. The Court asked them if they had counsel and receiving a negative reply, appointed D. F. Fortney, Esq., and C. M. Bower, to defend them, which they did with ability, considering the quality of the case. The trial was completed yesterday morning, the jury finding a verdict of "guilty." Up to this writing, they have not received their sentence but we have no doubt they will be on their way to Pittsburgh, by the time this item gets before the public.

——Our public schools open Monday, September 6th.

——Sechler pays the highest prices for butter, eggs, berries, &c. Don't fail to call and see him.

Personals.—Col. David Armor, of Pittsburg, is in town, stopping with his friend and relative, Major Armor, of this place.

—James Irwin, of B. & S. S. railroad office, has built a handsome new house, and we shouldn't wonder if he'd take up house-keeping, one of these days.

—Gen. James A. Beaver returned on Thursday from his summer vacation at the Sulpher Springs, Virginia.

—The Democracy of this county will urge Mr. Robert McKnight of this place, as L. A. Mackey's successor to represent this district in congress. As to Mackey or McKnight, if we must have a Democrat, we would think better of the Democracy if they would discard the superficial capitalist for the plain, sensible, business man, who possesses more good common horse sense than can be found in nine tenths of the Democratic congressmen above ground.

—Mr. C. T. Gerberic, one of the active, energetic partners of the firm of Duncan, Hale & Co., is building an elegant private residence for his own use, on Thomas street.

—Hon. W. K. Alexander was in town on Thursday, and a visitor in the evening at the library rooms.

—E. M. Blanchard, Esq., who has been sojourning for a couple of months past at the sea shore for his health, returned home on Friday last. Mr. B.'s health is very much improved and he looks almost like a new man, which is a fact we record with great pleasure.

—Captain John Musser, of Lewisburg, has taken the position in the railroad office made vacant by the resignation of Mr. George L. Potter, Jr. Captain Musser is a competent and accommodating official, a gentleman, and (young ladies, he's single) a scholar.

—James Gorden Bennett Kinsloe, of the Clinton *Republican*, is stepping round Wayne camp-meeting in a white vest and mutton-chop whiskers, while his infamous sub is making fun of us because we left a letter out of a word last week.

——The new postal card is to be cream white, so as to match our deputy postmaster, Harry Brew's, moustache.

—Abram Baum, our well known horseman, may be seen most any evening on our streets with a handsome team of horses, and every time with a different span. Baum is a large dealer in horses, is always ready to supply the market, and is an Israelite to the manna born.

—Mr. Lytle Esq., of the Huntingdon County bar was admitted to practice in the various courts of Centre caunty on Monday.

—Wm. F. Reber, Esq., of Clearfield, is attending court here this week. Mr. R., we are pleased to learn, is working into a fine practice among the Clearfielders.

——Turn out to the mass meeting in the Court House this evening. See hand bills.

—Judge Orvis is expediting the business of court this week with his usual vigor and ability.

——A man, who lately forged a check for $600.00 on the Clearfield Co., Bank, has been arrested in Somerset Co, and will be tried this week.

——A spelling bee came off in Milesburg on Monday evening, the proceeds going to the benefit of the Baptist Sunday school.

——There are fourteen different kinds of soothing syrup in the market, and yet W. K. Alexander is as stuck up and crabbed as a child with the croup.

——A new segar and tobacco store had been opened in the Bush House block by Cesna & Akers. Tobacco of all kinds, qualities and prices, constantly for sale.

——The preachers who have been away rusticating at camp meetings, have increased their popularity one hundred per cent. by announcing "no services for the next three Sabbaths."

——Mr. Williams, of Fayette Co., was injudicious enough to smoke in the same wagon with a coal oil can, and that's why some of the Wayne people thought manna was falling, the next afternoon.

——We never borrowed a shirt from Furey, of the *Watchman*, as he impudently asserts; but we did go his bail at Cheap John's store for a pair of cotton socks and a paper "bosom," the time he accompanied Alfred Count Von Turkheim to Penns Valley.

——Now then, the *Clinton Republican* insinuates that we were not benefited much last winter by the spelling bees. James Gordon Bennett Kinsloe, listen! We'll meet you in a spelling contest at any time and place you may name, for a forfeit of fifty dollars, to be given to buy a library for your Mission Sunday school, if you beat us; hear now?

——Cook & Schroyer, Water street, have a large assortment of tin preserve cans which they are selling ruinously low. We do not see how they can do it, but then Cook & Schroyer are hard to beat. They also do spouting and tining and all kinds of repairing at short notice, and in a workman-like manner. Now don't take our word for it but go and see.

——Hark! did you not hear it? 'Tis the campaigns opening roar.

——Two churches were sold at Sheriff's sale on Monday last, one at Philipsburg, and the other at Hublersburg.

——The attendance at State College at the session just opened is about fifty per cent. over last term.

——A neighboring county paper reports that Mrs. Star has twinkle, twinkled little Stars for her husband twice.

——The Grange pic-nic at Hublersburg on Saturday, goes into history as one of the pleasantest days the farmers of that neighborhood ever enjoyed.

——While we are making up the forms and need about this much more copy a greasy son of Italy in front of our office is grinding out soft requiems on a band organ.

——Two Erie county farmers have just become good friends after a feud lasting nineteen years, and we may now trust that Fred Kurtz will let Gray Meek hold him on his lap.

——Our military company, headed by a good drum corps, paraded our streets on Wednesday and afterdwards serenaded Major P. B. Wilson, their commandant who just returned from the sea shore.

——Mayor Sternburg wants the two thousand superfluous dogs of Bellefonte either taxed or killed. He prefers the former, and would like to send them all to the home of his ancestry—the happy land of Canine.

——The Democratic Convention of Clinton county assembled in Lock Haven yesterday and passed a resolution to support A. C. Noyes for Governor, after which the Convention adjourned to Valley Shides to quell their emotion.

——To-day will be an interesting one. The Republican County Convention will assemble in Reynolds' Hall at 2 o'clock, to nominate a county ticket that will lay the Democracy out in this county starker and colder than a litter of slunk kittens in December.

——A special train of ten cars under conductorship of Col. Stephens, left the depot on Sunday morning last for Wayne camp-meeting. One hundred and fifty-two tickets were sold at the Bellefonte station, and before the train struck the P. & E. road, every seat and aisle was filled.

——A base-ball club from Lewistown played a match game with the Milesburg club on the grounds of the latter on Saturday, and beat them by a score of 10 to 9. A member of the Lewistown club had the little finger of his right hand split open to the knuckle in trying to catch a hot ball.

——A festival for the benefit of the Reformed Church at Houserville will be held at the church on Saturday, September 4th, 1875. The Boalsburg brass band will be in attendance. The public are cordially invited. The exercises will begin at 2 o'clock, P. M.

——There's probably an iceberg traveling in the neighborhood of Bellefonte, and like the other Bergh is kindly disposed to the animal kingdom. Our nights are delightfully cool and the moon lights them up like a tour-of-Ireland panorama, or language to that effect.

——We respectfully ask the town council to take the mud, slush and sand out of the gutter and off the pavement in front of the Episcopalian church. The congregation is in straightened circumstances and Wm Jones, superintendent of the building, says it would take him a week to unearth the basement of the structure. There should be a brake-water erected immediately, or some afternoon a thunder gust may wash that place of worship away.

——Young Huey and a Frenchman from Philipsburg, dug out of their cells in Fort Shaffer one night last week, and were on a fair way to make good an escape, when a Dutchman, who used to butcher for Simon Lyon, and who is incarcerated for general orneriness and tyring to shoot several people, let out such a vigorous series of teutonic yells, that the Sheriff heard him and stowed the aforesaid pair of birds carefully away in safer quarters.

——Sechler & Co., in the Bush House Block, opposite our office, have the largest and best assortment of groceries to be found in the city of Bellefonte, without any exception. Also all the fruits in their season, such as peaches, pears, oranges, lemons, bananas, all kinds of canned fruit, all kinds of jellies and preserves, crockery, glassware, flower-pots, and no end of things we cannot think of, and all of the very best quality, and cheap as the cheapest.

——Montgomery, in Brockerhoff's Row, published last week their price-list and it has met a hearty response from an appreciative public. The prices are so reasonable as to attract general notice. They furnish none but the best goods, and make them up in the very best style, and guarantee a first-rate fit every time. All in want of a good suit of fall or winter clothes should call and see them. They also keep on hand all kinds of gentlemen's furnishing goods—the very best, and you don't find any one under-selling them, either. That is so.

Republican Mass Meeting.—This evening there will be a grand out-pouring of the Republicans of this county to hear the political issues of the hour discussed by three of the most brillant and able speakers in the State. Col. William B. Mann telegraphed from Minnequa that he would positively be here. Many of our people remember his visit to Bellefonte last summer, the occasion of the meeting of the Penn Reserve Corps Association, and how all were charmed with his eloquence.

Rev. J. Vannote the distinguished editor of the *Pittsburg Gazette*, will positively be present and will speak on the subject of temperance in its connection with the present, campaign. Professor Chester N. Farr, of Reading, one of the most humorous and entertaining speakers in the State, will also be with us. Let everybody, without distinction of party, attend and hear a fair and impartial discussion of the political problems to be solved this fall. The ladies are particularly invited to attend.

Green's August Flower.—It is natural for people suffering with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint or any derangements of the digestive organs, such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Heart-burn, Water-brash, gnawing and burning pains at the pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue, and disagreeable taste in the mouth, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c., to put off from day to day buying an article that they know has cured their neighbor, friend, or relative, yet they have no faith in it until it is too late. But if you will go to your Druggists, F. P. Green and J. Zeller & son and get a bottle of Green's August Flower your immediate cure is as as certain as your life. Sample Bottles of this medicine can be obtained for 10 cents to try its superior virtue.

Regular size 75 cents. Try it, two doses will relieve you.

v7-n30-1y-eow

——An amusing incident happened in Sechler's famous grocery in the Bush House Block a few days ago. Now you must know that Sechler has the most obliging clerks in the place. A young lady came in dressed in the height of fashion; the gentlemanly clerk Philip Teats offered her a seat; she tried to sit down but was pinned back so tight she couldn't—an old lady standing near peeped over her specks and asked "How long have you been afflicted that way?" The young lady blushed and made a break, sitting down sideways, and holding her knees so tigh that she looked as if she had on a one legged pair of breeches. The old lady noticed her sideways cramped position and whispered "Bile I s'pose; I've had 'em thar myself." Philip was very busy sorting over peaches, and pretended not to hear and then told us. Naughty Philip.

Very True.—By the time the election returns are counted, our elongated friend will find that his attempt to drag the Grangers into politics and to range the Sons of 76 on the side of the radical monopolist of the country, will be about as successful as an effort to practice law without a knowledge of Blackstone, would be.—*Watchman.*

Considering the fact that "our elongated friend," in the first few months of his novitiate, has learned enough about law to issue a few executions; and in view of the fact that he, some way or other, learned to be generous to a Democratic editor whose office was about to be levied on by the Sheriff, while the former was out begging senatorial votes; also remembering that one of those writs is still suspended above the head of our dear friend, we must say that his cowardly fling at a poor young lawyer is only equalled by his ingratitude for services rendered.

——The Bellefonte Academy or School in the Mountains as it is called, Rev. James P. Hughes, Principal, will open for the fall term Wednesday Sep. 8th This is one of the best schools in the State Mr. Hughes is one of the most thorough of teachers. Young ladies and gentlemen attending this school will recieve every possible attention. See advertisment in another column.

——He had a pain in his stomach and a magazine of aches in his head, induced by the Roopsburg beverage; his wife was young and beautiful and could play on the guitar, but hadn't much experience in taking care of the sick. She, however, while he was sleeping put a mustard plaster on his forehead. A lawyer subsequently explained to him that they didn't grant diverces for such causes in this State.

——For the benefit of the public—whose good we have so dearly in our heart,—wherever that is—that Mayor Sternberg recommended James Fannon to the town council on Thursday night, to be an additional policeman. James is an accomplished Knight of the Locust, and his appointment will be a hard blow (figuratively) on the disorderly chaps.

Col. Mann Here.—Yesterday afternoon the following dispatch was received, which gives us positive assurance that Col. Wm. B. Mann will be here on the 11 o'clock train this morning. Here is the dispatch:

Philadelphia, Aug. 24, 1875.

To D. H. Hastings, Bellefonte:—I will be in Bellefonte to-morrow morning.

William B. Mann.

——Go to Twitmire's for tinware.

To Correspondents.—*John*—Col. Wm. B. Mann will positively be here this evening.

Shoemaker—Yes; Powers, opposite the Bush House, is the best.

Potter—You are right; there is not a Bellefonte lady on any of the committees for the next exhibition.

Septimus—We do not know how long an elephant can live out of water, and when we owned elephants water was plenty.

Pleasant Gap—It has always been our opinion that the Hortown Democrats were a little the meanest in the county.

Inquirer—The "Red Pepper Story" will appear in our next.

Temperance—No: Mayor Sternberg has not resigned, and we guess the rumor is unfounded.

Candidate—There's no telling who's a '76er these times. It is even asserted that George Washington was one in his day.

Patriot—Don't worry about our candidates; the Republican party is competent to make its own nominations for commissioner and treasurer. Attend to your own business and stop drinking.

Grief—Your ideas of propriety are good. No lady with No. 10 feet should wear the pull-back dress.

Nancy—You had better stay at home; no ladies go to the depot when the evening train comes in unless they are compelled to.

Affliction—We sympathize with you. The only appropriate inscription we could find is the following:

"Down in the tomb his body lies;
The worms are playing 'round him there,
But they ain't half so bad as flies;
His spirit mounts the golden stair—
Gone to meet her Martha Jane."

Adolphus—There is no lotion made that will remove freckles that were born on you. If they are nasty looking, you'd better eat a couple pounds of talk daily.

Councilman—We don't know how it is other places, but here it is customary to give the cow the right of way on the pavement.

Real Estate—You'll never amount to much till you own a lot on Linn street.

Raymond—We are well pleased with the poem. Don't be too personal; generalize more. This stanza might hit somebody, although the sentiment is pleasant:

"Her hair is red, her nose is the same;
Her temper is fearful to see;
She ought to be caged the same as a bear,
Or somebody's death she will be."

Teetoteler—You are right; more whiskey is drunk in the North ward than in the South ward, only they don't make so much fuss about it.

School Teacher—You are right; Charles Dickens wrote "Sheridan's Ride." 2. We can't see the use of it, but you'll hardly get the school if you can't work long division. 3. You can get more satisfaction with a hickory rod.

Delegate—Your calculation is about right. The Court House won't hold them. Col. Wm. B Mann will be the first speaker.

Temperance—Yes, there are red-nosed people who are strictly temperate, but as a general thing it would be well to look out for red noses.

Ess—It was very wrong for the young man to take up a subscription for his new uniform, and then spend the money going with another girl to Wayne camp-meeting on Sunday. We say this on the best authority.

Hezekiah—We suppose you could get a clerkship in a store at $5.00 per month and board, yourself, but you must make up your mind not to live very extravagantly.

Lena—We never heard that Prothonotary Williams had a wife in China.

DIED.

In Pine Grove Mills Centre County, Aug. 17, Elizabeth Catherine, only child of David L. and Eliza Denis, aged 8 years 6 months 9 days.

In Pine Grove Mills, Aug. 18, after a lingering and painful illness, Jacob Hoffman Carothers, aged 54 years 6 months.

[Lewisburg papers please copy.]

At his residence in Marion township, on the 13th inst., James A. McCalmont, aged 74 years, 4 months and 26 days.

James A. McCalmont, an old citizen of Centre county, and Elder of the Presbyterian Church of Lick Run, died on the 13th inst., on his farm near to Jacksonville. He was born (perhaps on the farm where he died) on the 18th of March, 1801, and consequently was in the 75th year of his age at the time of his death.

He was the second son of John McCalmont, Sr., Esq., who was long a prominent citizen, and an efficient elder of the church, of Jacksonville, two of whose sons afterward filled the same position in the same church, viz: William who died some years ago, and now James A., whose death we record.

He was naturally of a retiring, diffident disposition, and was on several occasions chosen by the congregation to the responsible office of Ruling Elder; but in each instance declined acceptance, till, through the death or emigration of many of his contemporaries, he saw the almost absolute necessity of accepting the responsible position. To him, the congregation of Lick Run is more indebted, during the last ten years, than to any other human agency. He was not only liberal to the church, in proportion to his means, but abounded in personal labors and sacrifices for its welfare. Mr. McCalmont was not only an efficient member of the church, but an intelligent and patriotic citizen. At the time of, and during the war for the Union, he exerted all his influence in behalf of the Government and the administration then in power, and gave the only son he then had, of physical ability to endure the fatigues of war to the army. This son was killed at the battle of Gettysburg; and, what added to the bitterness of the affliction, his body was never recognized among the multitudes of the slain on both sides. Buried doubtless he was, but it is to this day an unknown grave.

Mr. McCalmont had been for several years in very delicate health, but generally able to move about in attending to his ordinary business. His death was the result of the gradual wearing out of the system, without any specific disease other than those infirmities with which he has for some years been afflicted. The church of which he was a member and an elder, could not have sustained a greater loss at the present time, or the county a more faithful, worthy, and patriotic citizen.

And what shall we say of the immediate affliction and loss to his family? With his aged partner and companion in life, we sincerely sympathize in this her loss and greatest affliction among many previously borne. May the God of Grace support her. To his children, we would say, may they as worthily stand in their lot, and as faithfully fulfill their life's duties; and die as peacefully as he did. "Mark the perfect man," etc. He died trusting alone in that Saviour who was his own God and his Father's God.

August 17, 1875.

——List of Unclaimed Letters remaining in the Bellefonte Post Office, Aug. 23, 1875.

C. L. Brant Dan. W. Butler W. R. Bartley Miss Martha Campbell Miss Emma Cook Wm. H. Clark Miss Alpha Comman Capt. G. C. Davison Wm. Erving R. G. Fanning E. Frank & Son Wm. Fleming Chas. Gobble Anthony Gistens Jacob Homer David W. Hoover John C. Henry Geo. Harris Wm. Heinley Mrs. Mary Johnson Miss Annie Lyons Chas. D. G. McKay John Miller Miss Alice Minium Patrick McLaughlin G. M. Mallory Mrs. Lida Roan Miss Mary Rochatelier Miss Mary J. Stover-2 Revs. Wm. Smith Miss Belle Stine Antonia Schoener Mrs. Susan Vantries Mrs. Mary White Harry Watson Wash Yearick.